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Contents

Page

ANN STORY 87
By Dorothy Canfield Fisher

A VERMONT SKETCHBOOK 103
1. Buck Hollow *by Enna Bates.* 2. President Coolidge Returns a Check.

EDMUNDS MEMORIAL CONTEST ESSAYS 107
1. Electricity Comes to a Small Town *by Marian Mills.* 2. Vermont's Most Interesting Church *by Kathryn M. Dimick.* 3. The Homestead with a History *by Barbara Rosen.*

FOLKLORE DEPARTMENT. *Edited by Leon W. Dean* 119

A VERMONT BOOKSHELF 127
Reviews: 1. Four-Square by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. 2. Eighty Years of It: 1869–1949 by Luther B. Johnson. 3. Financial Statistics of State, County, and Local Government: Fiscal Years 1932–1946 Inclusive. 4. The Physical Features of Vermont by Elbridge Churchill Jacobs.

REVIEW OF 1949 131
1. The Forties in Retrospect: An Address at the Annual Meeting *by Earle Williams Newton.* 2. Abstracts of Reports.

THE POSTSCRIPT 143

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ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH, *Editor*

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ANN STORY

By Dorothy Canfield Fisher

The achievements of the Vermont pioneer woman remain a part of the unrecorded history of the state. Here and there in documents of various types, in oral tradition, in firelight tales, in a phrase or two that has survived in print or a letter, glimpses of her appear, and then she vanishes. We intend to recall her from the past and accord her the recognition she deserves. Mrs. Fisher's contribution is the first in a series. Further comment will be found in the Postscript. Editor.

Ann story is, literally, one of our Vermont great-grandmothers. Perhaps she is one of yours too, for she had five children, every one of whom she brought up to strong, useful maturity. They all married, had children, moved with their families, here and there in our country as is the American way. As she was born about 1739, and all her children before 1774, there has been plenty of time for one or the other of her descendants to have become one or another of your ancestors.

Whether they factually did or not, she is, spiritually, an ancestress for every American. Yet I doubt if you ever heard of her, perhaps because her story has in it neither mating, nor murdering. Nor yet money-making. Mostly, if you'll notice, those are the elements considered "dramatic." We who were brought up on old Vermont stories think hers quite dramatic enough.

We know familiarly most of the homely-heroic details of her life, for the people who settled Vermont, from 1764 to the 1790's, were younger sons and daughters of decently educated Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island people, hence quite literate. They left behind many kinds of written records of those first years—letters, diaries, account books, memoirs, amateur local histories.

In addition, Vermont oral tradition is vivid and unbroken. The grandparents of my youth had heard from their grandparents all about the life of the early settlers. It is from talk as well as from yellowed letters, deeds, and daily journals that we know accurately how the primeval Vermont forests were turned into the mellow home-farms now all around us.

Usually the first of the family to come into Vermont over the Indian trails was the father, always a young father. He brought a helper; a son if he had one old enough, or a brother or a friend who also planned to settle in Vermont. If the water-ways ran in the right directions, these men came by canoe. But mostly on foot or with a pack horse, carrying the minimum of tools and supplies—axes, wedges, levers, seed for the first crop of grain, a kettle or two (very precious), a frying pan (called a spider because it had legs), blankets, and a very small iron ration of food, generally Indian corn, to fall back on in the infrequent days when neither fish nor game could be had.

Thus in September, 1774, did Ann Story's husband, Amos, arrive at the spot in the dense forest which was to become the town of Salisbury, Vermont. With him was his son, Solomon, then thirteen years old. Look attentively at the next boy of thirteen you see (perhaps there is one in your family circle) so that you will know how old was the boy who swung an axe beside his father, then perhaps thirty-five years old. Together, through that long, cold, dark Vermont winter, they felled trees, built a strong log-house, and constructed a chimney. As spring came on, the man and boy (he was fourteen then) called the new home done, and turned to clearing a field in the forest, to plant wheat for the family bread the next winter.

And as they toiled together, forward-looking, creative-minded, peaceable young father and sturdy son, disaster struck. A huge sugar-maple (we know exactly what kind of a tree it was, for this is one of the details of the story, told and written down over and over) did not fall as Amos Story had thought it would. As it plunged downward, its great branches roaring in its fall, it turned and, crashing to the earth, pinned Amos Story's body beneath it.

He died instantly. But his son could not believe it. Snatching up his axe the boy began frantically chopping at the giant cylinder of the granite-hard tree so that he could roll it away from the crushed body. Hardly more than a little boy, he swung his axe desperately, with the skill learned in the long winter's chopping. But when, dripping with sweat, his heart pounding wildly, he had driven his axe blade clear through the great tree-trunk, he still could not stir it. He knelt down by his father again, and saw he was dead. He was quite alone in the wilderness. Getting up to his feet, he laid his young hand again to the axe, chopping slowly now but delivering steadily those powerful well-aimed blows, till once more he had gone through the thickness of the primeval giant. Then he could roll away the section which lay across his father's dead body, and straighten it for burial.

The nearest human being was in a clearing where the town of Middlebury now stands—miles away from the solitary fatherless boy. The young woodsman knew where the trail ran, followed it, and brought back one Benjamin Smauley (we know the names of the people in this story) and his two sons. They carried the body to lie beside the grave of one of Smauley's daughters who, at twenty years of age, had lost her way in the forest and starved to death before she could be found—this as a reminder to the fourteen-year-old boy of what the wilderness meant.

And after that funeral, what? The fourteen-year-old boy was a good deal more than a hundred and fifty miles from where his mother waited with the little brothers and sisters. There was no way of reaching her except by walking—over a trail through the deep woods most of the way. In those days, the long distances, the lack of roads or bridges or places of shelter along the way, the absence of any system of mail communication, quite often resulted simply in the breaking apart of families. How could it be otherwise? Sturdy young people were assets in any frontiersman's house. Boys and girls separated by chance from their parents were welcomed as helpers to the nearest log cabin. What else could they do?

Ann Story's son could do something else. As steadily as he had driven his axe through the great tree which had killed his father, he set off on foot to go back to tell his mother.

The many accounts of this homespun epic which have come down to us, are Vermontishly factual. We know fully the details of what was done. But not what was felt. Nobody ever told us about the day when young Ann Story (for she was thirty-three when her husband died) back in the Connecticut town, weary with waiting for news, watching the road anxiously, saw her eldest son, foot-sore, dusty, ragged, his head hanging, trudging in on the highway from the north. When Vermonters, telling this story, come to the meeting of mother and son, they stop, swallow hard, and are silent for a moment.

But that is the last pathos in this tale. From that point on the story of this woman and mother rings with vitality, like axe-strokes on oak. This seemed natural to those around her. To us too, who live a good deal by old rather than modern ideas. Not till the Victorian and Romantic-School tradition (which did not begin till the first of the industrial revolution some forty years after this) of females as frail, timorous, ornamental sofa-creatures, were women admired for being cowards and weaklings. In the pioneering boat they were generally expected to pull their full weight. So they could—and did.

Ann Story had planned with her husband the creation of the new home in the north woods where their boys and girls could grow up children of free and independent landowners. For I must tell you that there was much more in the migration to Vermont, after the ending of the French-and-Indian War, than just the random itching foot common to returned soldiers, more than the stories then going the rounds in New England homes, of good land, and plentiful game in the Green Mountain forests, now recently opened to settlers.

The ferment, political, economic, social, which boiled over into our Revolution, was bubbling hotly among the younger people in the settlements to which the colonial soldiers returned after they were mustered out from the British army at Quebec, in 1763. That date was, note well, only ten years before the Boston tea-party, twelve years before the shooting at Lexington and Concord, and the rhetorical demand of Ethan Allen for the surrender of Ticonderoga. Men who had been in the colonial troops were still young when they set out to make homes in the Vermont woods.

They were looking for new land and good hunting, just as the debunking modern historians tell us, yes, of course. But we who know them very well from the records they left, have plenty of proof that they were also simple-hearted enough to be on fire with the love for liberty, which they spelled, pronounced, and lived for with a capital L. When, before long, they wrote a Constitution for the new State, those buckskin-clad farmer-hunters laid down their rifles and their axes to write into it (the first state which did this on the North American continent as far as we can find out) a clause forbidding human slavery in any form. The rising wind of the passion for human freedom, for recognition of individual human dignity sang loudly in the ears of these young family men, then British Colonials, soon to become American, who pushed into Vermont along Indian trails.

And of their wives and sisters, too, as you will see from what Ann Story did.

Her sorrow over her husband's death seemed to her a mighty reason for carrying out what they had planned together, to make free landowners and citizens of their children. Without him, she took up the effort they had thought to share with each other. She made the usual preparations of people who went into the wilderness of the North to make new homes, she bought a pack horse with money from the sale of most of her household gear; she gathered her brood around her and set out—a young widow with three sons and two daughters. Wouldn't you like to know their names? Stout Yankee Bible names—

Hannah and Susanna, Samuel, Ephraim, and Solomon. Their ages ran from fourteen down.

Ann carried a rifle over her shoulder as her husband would have done, and so did her first-born. After plunging into the Vermont forests, they knew they would depend largely for food on what game they could shoot. They slept out at night, around a campfire, over which, turn by turn, one of them kept watch. Steadily, slowly, held back by the short steps of the younger children, drawn forward by Ann's vision of earned independence, day after day, week after week, they pushed on through the great dark trees.

It was about a year after her husband had reached the spot in the forest which was to be their home-farm—in the latter part of 1775—that Ann Story led her children into the ragged, bramble-overgrown clearing, saw the log-cabin built by her children's father, and knelt beside it to strike the spark which would light the first home fire.

At this point, everyone of us should shake from his imagination the thick layer of dust deposited on it by too many movies, and too much romantic fiction. You will not get the flavor of this true story unless you try to realize that this woman and her children were real, actually did live and do all this. This is no historical novel printed in a book or flickering on a movie screen. Ann Story was only thirty-three years old, a sore-hearted, lonely widow, who left the safety of a settled, century-old town to carry out single-handed the hopes for independence which she and her husband had had for their children. Those were flesh-and-blood little boys and girls, journeying on, day after day, through the primeval forest. If you ever took five lively children, running from fourteen years down, out for a single day's walk in the country, you know that you were lucky if you brought all five back without minor mishaps—bumped heads, stubbed toes, skinned knees, thorns in fingers, quarrels, queasy stomachs, hurt feelings—up to scalp wounds, a broken shoulder-bone or maybe even an arm. Ann Story's five were exactly like yours—don't look at them with the glassed eye we all turn on Hollywood movie-children pretending to be something different from what they are. Everything happened to them that is likely to happen to any children. Yet their young mother brought them through weeks and weeks of solitary journeying. Along that Indian trail was no doctor. Not a grocery store to sell food. There was no man with them to cut wood for the campfire; to pitch the bit of sloping canvas under which they slept; to shoot the game to keep them alive; to keep off the wolves and catamounts which screamed around their fire at night; to deal with casual Indians

encountered on the trail. Little and bigger, boy and girl, every one of the five who started out with their young mother stood around her, safe, when she lighted the first fire on the hearth of the new home.

She set to work at once to provide for her children, inside the home and out of it. They soon came to be as much at home in the woods as the squirrel and partridge. The boys helped as they could to clear the land of the monstrous great trees, to plant the crops and split the mountains of firewood needed in the long Vermont winter. The little girls helped too, cooking, mending, picking and drying wild fruits, manufacturing soap out of grease and lye made from the wood ashes. They used this soap to keep the family clothes and home spotlessly clean. They smoked the haunches of the deer their mother and the boys shot. They rendered into birchbark pails the great slabs of fat from the occasional bear brought down by their mother. She, like any other pioneer, kept her rifle close to her hand as her axe.

One of the smaller details of the old-time stories told us by the oldest of our Vermont old folks, was the lament of their old folks about the lack of the wonderful provision of bear-fat every family then had. Sweet and tasty it was for cooking, they said. Every meat dish made with it was strengthening and appetizing. Wonderful for greasing your thick leather winter boots, a fine preparation for keeping your hair in good condition, excellent for the wooden axles of the first clumsy carts. And such a lot of it. All you wanted. No measly little paper-wrapped pounds you had to pay the grocer good money for.

We who had never tasted bear-fat and didn't like the sound of it any too well, used to think these nostalgic yearnings rather comic. They took on another aspect after what we have heard in the two great world wars of the intense sufferings of people deprived of fats and oils.

On this diet of venison, fish, bear-fat, wild fruit, Indian corn mush, and maple syrup, Ann Story's children grew strong, hardy, muscular, alert, and as boldly courageous as their mother, who was said by those who knew her just not to know the meaning of fear. As her grief for her husband's death was buried deeper under the incredible activity and responsibility of every day, she herself grew, too, not taller, like the children, but stronger in mind and body and spirit. An old settler, reminiscing about her in his last years, said, "She was a busting great woman who could cut off a two-foot log as quick as any man in the settlement." She had always been a good-looking woman, and as she grew in power, she took on a stately handsomeness which became

legendary. With her tanned, bright-eyed, lithe, disciplined, and skilled boys and girls about her (she taught them to read in the Bible she had brought up in the pack-saddle, from the old home) she was a model mother and homemaker, the admiration of all who passed that way.

But she was more than a home-body. She was a citizen. And a patriot. Like the stout, plain chairs of our great-grandfathers, which we still keep in our Vermont living-rooms, not for show as antiques but to rest ourselves in after a day's work, we still keep such words as "patriot" in our everyday vocabulary. This mother had set her bold, fiery heart on independence for her children. She wanted the same thing for her country. In a time when political opinions meant something, in times like ours, now, that showed the stuff men and women were made of, she was passionately on the side of self-government by the people.

A justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia speaking forty years ago, naturally in the rather overstuffed language of his period, at the dedication in Salisbury of the monument in Ann Story's honor, said of her, "She gave herself, heart and soul, to the great cause of the people against their tyrants. She was a revolutionary. The American Revolution was not at bottom a struggle between the colonies and Great Britain. It was a line of cleavage which divided the English-speaking people wherever they happened to be—on one side those who believed in self-government, in the people, on the other those who believed in the doctrine that 'one part of the race is born booted and spurred, ready to ride, and the other part is born ready saddled and bridled to be ridden'. Ann Story had the vigor of mind to do her own thinking, to take in the whole scope of the question at issue. She was brave and strong, and what her mind approved her arm did not tremble to execute."

As Ann Story saw it, what she wanted for her children as Vermonters was the right to own their land as free men and not to be forced into the semi-feudal subservience to rich folks, like the people who lived as tenants in New York, dependent on patroons. As Americans, what was at stake was their right to free themselves from traditional obedience to an overseas political authority over which they had no control. She was ready to stand by those causes with as forthright a civic conscience and courage as, in her personal life, she showed in taking care of her children.

After the beginning of the Revolutionary War the British enlisted the Indians to fight for them against the Colonial rebels. As soon as this dire news was known, those few Vermont families who had

begun building up their homes in the region north of Rutland knew that they would not be safe. They were scattered sparsely around in the forests, dangerously close to the Canadian border. They gave up their dearly earned log-homes, they abandoned their laboriously cleared fields, they moved to the southern part of the state, where the settlements were more numerous.

But not Ann Story.

It was her home-place. It had been founded by the father of her children, she herself was building it up. It was all she had for her sons and daughters. But for her it had a far more than personal value. It was an outpost of the fighting front. If she stayed in it, she could be of use in the battle for freedom. She was already a valued aid and adviser to the loosely organized guerrilla fighters called the Green Mountain Boys. A few of those men, either single, or whose families had been moved back of the lines at Rutland, came and went and camped out, over this now deserted region, ostensibly as casual hunters. They were to keep track of enemy movements, coming from the north, from Canada. To them, as she boldly announced her determination to stay on, she now said—the exact words of her phrase are carefully preserved, and passed on to us, in all the Vermont stories, written and oral, told about her—"Give me a place among you, and see if I am the first to desert my post."

It was not long before in the British-led Indians came, torch and tomahawk in hand.

The Story children had been trained to act as sentinels, and there were enough of them so that in every direction around the house, some sharp young Story ear was cocked for suspicious sounds. One spring day, in 1776, a little boy came running—but silently—to tell his mother in a whisper that an Indian war-party, about half a mile away, was pillaging and setting fire to the cabin of a neighbor (one of those who had gone south for safety, leaving his home empty).

The river was high with melted snow, had overflowed its banks and flooded low-lying parts of the forest. Working at top speed, Ann and her children loaded their big canoe with the most vital household belongings—blankets, the precious "iron kittle" and spider, the bags of seed soon to be planted, the wooden tub of maple sugar, and the birch-bark pails of bear grease. Stepping in themselves, they paddled off swiftly on the flood-waters in amongst the dense trees, which hid them, but through which they could see everything done by the Indians, who soon came whooping into the clearing. The Story family watched them ravage the carefully kept home, and with relishing

shouts, set it on fire in a dozen places. When the cabin was quite burned down, they shouldered their booty and were off.

Ann and her children waited cautiously till it was safe to return to the desolation which had been their home. We do not need to try to imagine what they felt as they stood by the smoldering logs, for Ann's words have come down to us, accurately repeated by people who heard her tell the story with terse Vermont understatement. She evidently did not even once think of giving up and beating a retreat to safety. Nor did she waste an instant's time in laments. With one of the first instances we have on record of the Vermont distaste for personal dramatics, she resolutely presented this as an incident, not a catastrophe. Her account of her reason for staying on is dry and matter-of-fact. "If the smoking ruins of our home disheartened us," she explained, years afterwards, "the hope arose that the Indians had made so little in this excursion, they might not visit the region any more. So we began cutting and laying up small trees, such as the children and I could handle, and it was not long before we had quite a comfortable cabin, made of poles instead of logs, on the spot where the former one had stood."

Watching from a distance we of the twentieth century have seen the savage forces of war pillage and burn down our old home of isolated nationalism, very dear to us. We too stand beside ruins, and face the need of building up a new home, somehow, out of the materials available to us, whether or not they are as good as we would like.

The most visibly picturesque part of this homespun Ann Story epic begins here, the part in which the imaginations of Vermont children have reveled ever since—for did a child ever live who did not love the idea of a cave hide-out? In the daytime, the Story children and their mother could go on, growing food, preparing it, keeping house (and incidentally gathering valuable information for the guerrilla forces on their side), because they could stand guard, and at the first sound of danger could take to their canoe and paddle noiselessly out of sight. But at night?

It was as patriot that she stayed on, at the front. It was as patriot as well as home-maker that she kept her house of poles clean, snug and smelling pleasantly of good food. It continued to be what it had been from the first, like the switchboard of a modern telephone system. To it came singly, or in small sauntering groups, men who looked like trappers or hunters, dropping in for a chat with the widow Story over a dish of her excellent venison stew. But they left an im-

portant message to be passed on orally to other buckskin-clad, musket-carrying men who were to drop in, some days or weeks later. Or, while the children scattered into the woods in a wide circle, all around the clearing, to keep watch, a canoe would come up the creek, loaded with kegs of gunpowder, which would be hastily rolled out and hidden, till a party of the Green Rangers later arrived with the right password. Often the men dropped in just to get what information Ann and her active children had picked up about British or Indian movements, for the children were everywhere, and Ann acquired an F. B. I. ability to piece together isolated odd items to make a clear whole, or, perhaps the visitors came just to get Ann Story's slant about what to think of some new move, political or military. For, of course, as always happens to people who are in the thick of things, and not sheltered, her understanding fed on experience and grew stronger.

As to what the family did at night, for a long time nobody knew. Ann kept her own counsel and the children were as mum as young partridges hiding in the dry leaves at the mother bird's command. But we now know the device.

The banks of the Otter Creek where their home stood, were high above the water. Selecting a place where tall old trees stood thickly, their roots intertwining into a strong, wiry network, the Storys began to dig an underground passageway into the bank. Prisoners digging escape tunnels have trouble hiding the fresh dirt. The Story diggers slid this into the swift-flowing stream. The mouth of the passage, at the water level, they made just large enough to let the canoe float in, all its passengers lying flat. And they kept that entrance thickly planted with overhanging bushes, so it would not be seen by any of the men in canoes, pro-British, Indian, or pro-American, who used the Otter as a road into and out of the northern wilderness. A place to sleep was dug out at one side, well above the level of the water. Here the roots of the trees acted as a natural arch to hold up the roof, over what was a sizable underground room.

Till her husband's death, Mrs. Story had been an indoor housemother in an orderly, safe, old Connecticut town. But she had now learned well the lessons of wood lore, and so placed the cave that, entered as it was from the trackless water, no sign of trodden leaf or broken stick could betray it to the sharpest Indian trackers. A well-worn path led down, naturally enough, to where, during the day, the canoe lay moored back of the cabin.

Every night, after dark, they filed silently down to the river,

stepped into the canoe, pushed it out without a sound, and glided between the high wooded banks, around a bend in the Otter. With one deft paddle stroke, the light craft was swung around and slid in under the overhanging bushes. The Storys were gone, all six of them, as if they had evaporated.

I have said that this great-grandmother of yours and mine was not only a good woman but a good citizen. As Justice Stafford said of her, "She was one of Plutarch's women." The other way around, also. She was no less a woman, mother, and protector to human beings in distress, because she was on fire with passion for the ideals which we Americans are brought up to revere.

She did not hesitate, the day one of her children returned from a far-ranging woods-expedition, reporting that he had heard somebody crying. Going cautiously to see, noiseless on his moccasined feet, he had peeped through the leaves from a distance and had seen a woman, a white woman, sunk in a heap on the forest floor, sobbing.

Ann Story reflected. It might be an Indian trick. But it might not be. Everybody in those times knew that when Indians, under British instructions, burned the homes of the American revolutionaries, part of the recompense for the red-skinned allies was to carry off as many white captives as they could. This was not to scalp and torture them. It was a business operation. If the captives could be taken along, alive and well as far as Canada, they could be sold as servants to white Canadians. This too was a commercial matter. The Canadians who bought those captives often made a big cash profit on them, through the ransom exacted for them from their New England families.

Yes, this weeping young woman alone in the forest might well be such a captive left to starve. Or she might be a decoy, carrying out some plot against the guerrilla "resistance" fighters called the Green Mountain Boys.

Musket on shoulder, guided by the little boy, both of them as silent as cloud-shadows, Ann Story made her way to a place where she could see and not be seen. The child's story was true. The mother waited a long time, with Indian patience, standing invisible in the forest, till she was sure it was no trick. Then she stepped forward.

We rather like to imagine the moment when that girl abandoned by her Indian captors, saw, before her, the "busting great," tall, stately homespun-clad Ann.

The girl came from a settlement far inside the American lines, which had been raided by a war-party of Indians in the service of the British. The prisoners were hurried along the trail to Canada. And

this girl (here is one name that has not come down to us, in Story-lore, so I can only call her the girl) was far advanced in pregnancy. Quite as much afraid of the wilderness as of their tomahawks, she had tried desperately to keep up with the swift dog-trot of the Indians. But she had finally fallen so far behind as to be out of their sight. They had gone on. It was less trouble to leave her there to starve than to turn back and split her skull.

Ann Story had borne five children. She knew that the young woman's time was near. It might have been, she thought perhaps—although, Vermont fashion, she said in her later safe and comfortable years very little about what she had thought or felt—one of her own little girls a few years on. There was nothing for it but to add another to the incredible sum of her responsibilities. The young mother was taken in, the baby was born—Ann Story midwife—and like all babies, he was anything but self-controlled and disciplined. One of the stock sayings of her contemporaries about Ann Story was that "she feared neither Tory, Indian, nor wild beast," because she felt herself to be stronger than they. But even she could not keep a baby from crying when he felt like crying. The soundless caution of the canoe-approach to the underground shelter, the whispers of their talk in the cave, were ruthlessly broken by the baby's lusty yells when something displeased him. If you have ever been acquainted with a baby, I need say no more. You can imagine what the Storys' situation now became.

Ann had not shrunk back from what she thought a patriot's duty, because it was dangerous. Nor did she now from a woman's obligation. Babies and their mothers must be cared for at no matter what peril. For the present, till the mother could walk, there was no way of moving them on to another place of safety. So the baby stayed, continuing to cry when the spirit moved him.

And he was the hinge on which a small—but not unimportant—piece of American history swung into place—the right place.

As the Honorable Justice from Washington, D. C., pointed out in his address delivered at Ann Story's monument, the American Revolution was not at bottom a struggle between the colonists and Great Britain. It was between those, everywhere, who steadfastly believed that people should be free to govern themselves and those who did not. In the colonies there were many men and women who took no stock in the republican ideas which, with Cromwell, had shaken the English state to its foundation, which were in a few years to flame all over France. Always, everywhere, there are plenty of backward-looking lovers of the past, and of old ways hallowed by old traditions.

Even in Vermont, so new that the bark was still on it, there were people deeply attached to the much-loved old Church, and to the institution of the Crown, which seemed to them the only basis for a decently orderly society. They were, also, alarmed about their property and social position, for lovers of the past usually have more money and put on more style than those who press forward into the future. Naturally such people hated and feared the rawly new, violently egalitarian principles of the American Revolution, sacred to Ann Story—and to us, her descendants.

A band of these royalists and anti-Americans were, unknown even to the wide-spread intelligence system of the Green Mountain Rangers, leaving the various Vermont settlements in which they lived, starting north, to go to Canada. Their purpose was not only to join the British Army, but to take to them and their allies, the Indians, exact detailed information about the location and defenses of the Vermont settlements, and about the movements, organizations, and resources of the guerrilla fighters. Their success might very well have meant the wiping out of those settlements altogether. Traveling separately, to avoid detection, they were on the last lap of the journey, crossing the no-man's strip of the extreme frontier, where Ann Story lived and kept her eyes open.

They went by night. At that time, the keen Story eyes were underground, asleep. The northbound anti-Americans would have slipped through, if just before dawn one morning, that baby had not taken it into his head to cry. At the sound, coming from the ground under his feet, one Ezekiel Jenny, following the trail north along the river-bank, stopped and stood still in his tracks. He was of that region, he was known to Ann Story, he was well acquainted with her way of life. So this, he thought in exultation, was the key to the secret of the Storys vanishing at night.

He tiptoed to the edge of the water, hid himself in the bushes, looking keenly up and down the river, as the dawn slowly broke. Before long, sure enough, just under where he stood, the tip of a canoe was silently pushed through the bushes. It hung there a moment, probably to make sure no one was passing. Then with one swift paddle-thrust, it was in mid-stream, loaded with women and children, and shot towards the bend of the river, and the landing place, back of the Story cabin.

Now, thought Ezekiel Jenny, putting his musket on the cock, and darting across the neck of land to lie in wait for the unsuspecting party, now is the time to make that pestiferous woman rebel talk.

Crouched in the bushes, beside the landing place, he waited till Ann had stepped out of the canoe and then springing up, he presented the muzzle of his gun at her very breast, and proceeded to terrorize her in betraying her allies.

Let Ann Story talk for herself here. Her own inimitably dry words have come down to us. Beside them, anything I could write would be as boneless as boiled macaroni. "I gave evasive and dissatisfactory replies to his questions. This exasperated Jenny and he threatened to shoot me on the spot; but to all his threats I bid defiance, and told him I had no fears of being shot by so consummate a coward as he, and finally he passed along down the creek."

Ezekiel did not shoot her. He had other things to do that day, and had interrupted his hurried secret journey only on a chance. He sped on his way, not dreaming that back of him in the remote clearing, the motherly woman, encumbered with young children and a new baby, had wit enough to note which way he went, and inside information enough to guess what his purpose was, or had any means of giving notice of his presence in the region.

What she did was to snatch a fly-leaf from her Bible, the only paper she had, write a hasty note on it, and send one of her sons flying to the camp of the nearest Green Mountain Rangers. Part of their advance-scout system was always to keep her informed of the whereabouts of the buckskin-shirted guerrillas who patrolled that section of the Vermont wilderness. The long-legged, sure-footed boy knew the dimly marked forest trail as our children know the way to the nearest movie-theater, knew when he could make a short-cut across its windings, wade a stream, dodge a swamp, climb a hill, and come racing down to the camp of the Vermonters.

It was not long before Daniel Foot, Samuel Bentley (don't you like their names?), and other Americans had snatched their muskets and set off in pursuit. From my little girlhood, I have always hoped that the men let that Story boy who took them the message go along with them. I was sure he would not have felt he needed to get his mother's permission.

Silent as the wild animals of the forests, those American settlers, transformed from family men to fighters, followed the trail of the unsuspecting would-be English soldiers. When night fell, the scattered band of British sympathizers were far north beyond the last cabins. It seemed to them safe to come together to make camp, to lie down to sleep around their fire. Without a sound, the Green Mountain Rangers, closed in closer and closer around them and then,

on a signal, broke upon them with yells and ferocious volleys of musket shots.

But not to kill. These ancestors of ours were men bred in a civilized tradition. They fought for human rights, not for the chance to cut other people's throats. The men they were attacking had intended the betrayal of American families to fire and tomahawks. But their capture had prevented that. There was no need to kill them. Their captors were fathers and husbands as well as guerrillas. The prisoners were not harmed.

We Vermonters are proud—yet we laugh too over the quaintness of that record—of the fact that in all the years of strife on our soil for the right to own as free men the land our great-grandfathers had bought and paid for and cleared and tilled, not one human life was sacrificed. Did you ever happen to hear that the only personal violence done to anyone in a fight during the Green Mountain Boys' defense of Vermont was that one man had his thumb put out of joint?

So those frontiersmen, leaping into the firelight with savage whoops and a rattle of gun-fire, did not massacre the men they took by surprise. Every one of them was a hunter to whom shooting was as natural as breathing. They were part of a rough-and-ready organization loosely held together with practically no military discipline. With them in that hour of red-hot excitement, there was present no curbing "authority" save their own self-respect. But they acted like the self-controlled, reasonable police force, which we hope the armies of the future will be, rather than like slaughtering men at arms, or a lynching rabble, or scalping Indians. Prosaically—we think gloriously—they marched their prisoners across country to Fort Ticonderoga, then in American hands, and as their own report runs, "gave them up to the proper constituted authorities." We, their descendants, respect and admire the end of that fracas as one of the proofs that the natural barbarism lying in every human heart can be kept down to harmlessness by civilized traditions.

Ann Story's monument stands on the spot where her husband built their first log-cabin home. On it are these plain unrhetorical words:

ANN STORY
IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF HER
SERVICE IN THE STRUGGLE OF THE
GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS FOR INDEPENDENCE

You might think that those who designed the monument would have put that well-known saying of hers to the defenders of Vermont

when she was urged to be wholly mother, not also citizen and patriot —"Give me a place among you and see if I am the first to desert my post."

But that doesn't need to be carved in stone, or cast in bronze. We remember it, all right.

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A VERMONT SKETCHBOOK

Interesting short articles, letters, and quotations dealing with Vermont history will be welcomed by our readers, we believe; hence, from time to time, we will offer such material. It does not, as a rule, fall strictly within the confines of the historical article, but it does have its value in its reflection of days and years gone by, the little things our forefathers loved and cherished, that entertained them or made them pause and wonder. We will welcome such sketches, no matter how informal or familiar in tone they may be. Editor.

1. BUCK HOLLOW (FLETCHER, VT.) *by* Enna Bates

THE majority of Vermonters give this particular section of our state credit for being a good deer-hunting area, thinking it is named in such a way because deer often cross there. So did I, until this summer when it was my pleasure to meet one of the last of the Bucks, Mr. Ralph Buck of Fairfax, Vt.

In this section of Fletcher there is an old cemetery known as the "Buck Holler" Cemetery. The first to be laid away there was a Mr. Gould Buck. His marker is of marble of old design. Some of the other Bucks have slate slabs with the Weeping Willow design. Recently, a new Barre granite monument has been erected for the last of the line of Bucks.

This remaining family of Bucks had many choice bits to tell about this section of land, as the history of it is a prideful tradition closely related to their family.

One Enoch Buck resided in Wethersfield, Conn., in the early 1600s. He had eight children born between 1650 and 1682. These children migrated to a section of Massachusetts and parts of New York. A descendant of this family, Lemuel, found his way to Arlington, Vt., in the middle 1700s. While there he invested some money, one hundred pounds to be exact, in 1732 in the purchase of 1400 acres of land in the northern part of the Grants. He purchased it from Ebenezer Marble and Elias Johnson. Lemuel was not in too good health; so he never managed to see his land, but left it for his sons to explore.

His son, Gould Buck, came to look the land over in 1789. Accompanying him on his long ox-cart trip from Arlington was a man

with the effeminate name of Abigail Hawley. They built themselves a cabin and stayed a few months to survey and explore the possibilities of the land. Gould returned to Arlington the following year, and in 1791 moved his family of five sons to the new land with him. Each picked himself a favorite knoll for his home and built shelters. Their wives came, and by 1800 there was a well-settled spot, all Bucks and Hawleys. They farmed the rich soil and cut the lumber. Gould built a sawmill on the brook which ever since has been called Mill Brook. Besides the sawmill there was a place for making Lynden feathers—which are really basswood shavings for mattress filling. This became quite a money-making scheme as these fluffy shavings were much in demand.

The sawmill was the only one in that section, and an old diary shows 150,000 feet were sawed one year. Also in this book were remarks about one John Crust, who was a man of huge proportions and inhuman strength. He was an expert wood chopper whose axe weighed seven pounds. In 1791 he was hired by Gould Buck to clear a plot of land containing 40 sq. rds. This he cleared, rolled the logs in piles, piled the brush for burning as one day's work. He was known to cut 8 cords of wood in one day.

In 1800, an Episcopal church was built. This was torn down only a few years ago. The first minister was paid $5 a year for books and spending money. Also flax and wool were given him for clothing, providing his wife would make it into cloth for him. In this entry in the church records it states that shoes were forgotten; so the minister's family had to get their own that year. The people voted to furnish shoes the following year. Later, in 1803, the salary rose to $200, to be paid in the following way: $20 in beef, $5 in tallow, $15 in rye, $10 in wool, $10 in wheat and flax—the rest to be paid at the convenience of the church.

A grist mill and blacksmith shop came into being about this time. Gould Buck brought in the first mowing machine, an affair with one large wheel and a runner on front.

There were good sugar bushes and the annual Buck sugar party was a festive occasion. Young folks from over the hill were often invited. The story is told of one young man who was afraid to go home alone; so he cut some pieces of birch and made his way with a birch torch in each hand, waving them as he went to frighten the wolves and bears away.

Buck Hollow was a natural route for the cattle-drivers as they went through to Boston. It was a common sight to see droves of sixty or

seventy cows going through the Hollow. One time a drove three miles long came down through it. There were about 4500 cattle in that herd. Some of the Hollow folk "hired out" to go on this trip as the herders were short-handed.

Gould Buck himself used to get a herd together to drive to Montreal. On one occasion he was returning from one of these trips with $4000 in silver in his saddle bags. He had dreaded a part of the trail home which led through a dismal swamp for several miles. Upon entering the swamp, a stranger quietly joined him and rode along silently beside him. Mr. Buck had visions of being robbed when they reached the dense part of the swamp, and was on guard. The stranger stayed with him until they came to sunlight and clearing. He then galloped on without a word of adieu. Gould decided the stranger also feared the swamp, and wanted company while passing through it. He tells, too, of how the buyers who purchased the cattle went on ahead and cached food along the route in tall trees for the drivers to find. This saved the men from packing so much.

This land continued to stay in the hands of the Buck descendants down through the years. The last Buck and his son have a 600 acre farm which is for sale. One of his grand-daughters resides on one of the original Buck farms, but the others are owned by outsiders.

These hardy pioneers came to the Hollow, lived and loved there, and are now laid to rest in the quiet cemetery on the hill overlooking their realm—now passed on to other families. But it will always be known as "Buck Hollow."

2. PRESIDENT COOLIDGE RETURNS A CHECK

The letter below comes to us through the interest of Mr. George Dunning, a New England representative of The American Magazine. *Mr. Sumner Blossom, editor of the magazine, writes to Mr. Dunning. We are grateful to Mr. Dunning and Mr. Sumner for their courtesy and kindness. Editor.*

CONCERNING the Coolidge incident you mentioned to me the other day, it is my recollection that we ordered from Mrs. Coolidge a specified number of articles. These were delivered but it was my feeling that the first two or three were, in my judgment, not as interesting as some of the others, since they had to do with Mrs. Coolidge's life before she met Calvin Coolidge. I told Mr. Coolidge that I had decided not to run the earlier articles. His rejoinder was to the effect that we had contracted to pay for them and must do so. I explained that we fully intended to do so but that I wanted him to

understand the thing from our point of view. We did pay Mrs. Coolidge and several months went by.

Then one morning after I had had breakfast with Mr. Coolidge in the Vanderbilt Hotel in New York City, he said, "I have something for you," and handed me a check in the amount we had paid for the articles we had not published. My recollection was that this check was for $20,000 or $30,000. Mr. Coolidge explained that neither he nor Mrs. Coolidge wanted to sell anything in which the purchaser did not feel that he got fair value. He further explained, according to my recollection, that he had accepted payment because he hadn't been sure that I wouldn't change my mind and had waited until after the publication of the series had been completed and there was no longer any question of our using the articles in question.

This was perhaps more than twenty years ago. I have been unable to document my recollection because such financial records of the Company that are still in existence are in storage. It would take a considerable time to go through the files and check these facts accurately, if indeed the records are still in existence. It is customary to destroy a good many of our records after a reasonable period of time. I hope this will serve your purpose. If not, please let me know and I'll try and persuade our financial people to dig into the matter. They have already said that they are extremely pressed and would rather not do it at this time.

SB:T

Edmunds Memorial Contest Essays

We believe the obligations of a state historical society to the younger people of a state are definite and vital; and there is too often a tendency to forget them. We intend to keep them in mind; and we urge our members and readers to do likewise. In 1928, during the presidency of John Spargo and under the direction of the late Walter Crockett, state historian, the Edmunds Memorial Essay Contest was established as a result of the fund created by Senator Edmunds' daughter in his memory. The contest has steadily developed since 1928. The contest is open to all students in Vermont high schools and academies; and at the present time an average of 1000 essays dealing with Vermont history are submitted annually. Among the winners in past years are many names, now distinguished in many fields of activity. During the past twenty-two years over $5000 has been awarded in prizes. Each winner is awarded an attractive bronze medal and a certificate of merit in addition to the cash prizes. Additional plans are under consideration to make young Vermonters more history-conscious. Editor.

1. ELECTRICITY COMES TO A VERMONT TOWN

By Marian Mills
Wilmington High School

First Prize 1950

I have heard my grandmother say that the popular song of recent years, "The Old Lamplighter," had a special significance for her. She lived where Mabel Emery has her Beauty Parlor now, and on the opposite side of the street was one of the sparsely-placed kerosene lights of the village. As a child, she amused herself watching the local lamplighter make his rounds. In the forenoon he would appear with his horse and wagon carrying a ladder, oil cans, and other paraphernalia for snuffing out the lights, trimming the wicks, cleaning the globes to put the lamps in proper working order for the coming night. The old horse had so thoroughly learned the route that he would stop voluntarily at each post, and while the man worked, the horse enjoyed a nap. Just before dusk the lamplighter would make his second trip of the day, and on windy nights it often was difficult to

light the lamps. The man best remembered as the lamplighter was the late Daniel May, who last lived where Lester Davidson now resides.

It was apparent for several years that street and house lighting was very primitive in Wilmington as compared to the larger, surrounding towns. Farsighted and public-spirited citizens felt that something just had to be done about it if Wilmington was to have prosperity. In several issues of the *Deerfield Valley Times*, during 1893, there appeared an editorial advocating electricity for the Village. People were becoming convinced. A committee was appointed to investigate the practicability and approximate costs of lighting the streets with electricity.

Working with this Committee was my great grandfather, Joseph Courtemanche, who had come from Canada to Vermont and become a naturalized citizen. He, as a convincing argument, went to some expense to erect test poles for street lights. He also installed a dynamo in his woodworking shop on West Main Street. At last there were lights; at least, on trial. After three days the trial period was over, and the lights were turned off. People liked the idea of having the streets well-lighted.

It had been shown that one 25-candlepower incandescent bulb was equal to two kerosene street lamps. The Courtemanche Brothers agreed that they would contract to furnish all the poles, wire, lamps and installation for $400.00 a year. In as much as the present cost for thirty-two oil lamps was $250.00 a year, it seemed that the difference in cost was well worth the benefits derived in improvement. Furthermore, it was costing considerably more in other towns such as North Adams which had to pay $12.00 a year for each light of only 16-candlepower. Moreover, although the women at this time could not vote, they convinced the men folks that their lives would be happier and easier without the care of oil lamps which involved the soiling of clothes and household furnishings, to say nothing of the greater safety from fires.

The time had arrived for action. A Warning for a Special Village Meeting appeared in the March 16, 1894, issue of the Deerfield Valley Times as follows:

> *The legal voters of the Village of Wilmington, Vermont, are hereby notified and warned to meet in the Town Hall in said Wilmington village, on Friday evening, March 23, 1894, at 7 o'clock to transact the following business:*
>
> *1. To hear report of committee appointed to investigate the lighting of the streets by electric lights.*

2. *To see if the village will vote to light their streets with electric lights.*
3. *To do any other legal business when met.*

By order of the trustees,
E. A. Willard, Jr., Village Clerk

At this meeting Joseph Courtemanche was guaranteed $1200 towards the venture, and he was to furnish thirty-six incandescent lights 150 feet apart at $15 each. Each individual was to pay for wiring his house and to furnish fixtures, usually consisting of a single green cord hanging from the ceiling. At first, most of the residents were very conservative, and many had only one or two rooms wired. Later, when they realized electricity had come to Wilmington to stay, they had the rest of the rooms wired.

The late George Niles of Brattleboro was chief electrician and one of his able assistants was the late A. P. Cheeseman.

The service was not continuous, but was available from dusk until 11 P.M. The lights were always dimmed at 10:45 P.M. and if there were a dance or other public gathering which required light for a longer period, the operator would continue for a longer period for a certain compensation. My great-aunt, Alice Courtemanche, served as bookkeeper, and my grandmother, Mrs. Ethel Strawser, was bill collector.

During the Old Home Week in 1900, a huge tent was erected where Childs Tavern and Childs Memorial Hall now stand. During that entire week the power was on until early morning.

An amusing incident that occurred in its first year's history was when a certain customer, known to be very penurious, brought two burned-out bulbs to the Light Plant and requested that *new wicks* be put in. And the same customer, who lived away from the village, often inquired as to how long it took the electricity to get from the village to his house.

Within eight years the business had increased to the point that a new brick building was erected to house a boiler of greater horsepower. As a child outgrows his clothes, it became evident in 1925 that the whole equipment would prove inadequate very shortly.

My great-grandfather had died in 1912 and was succeeded by his son, Roy, as manager. In 1927 or 1928 the New England Power Company extended their service to Wilmington, and the whole setup was changed over and power was bought from them.

Now the service was continuous, and the lines extended outside

the village. Business increased by leaps and bounds. In the early Fall of 1929, the New England Power Company of Boston secured an option for the purchase of the plant. This option would expire the following May, and my great-uncle, Roy Courtemanche, was to become manager for the Power Company's interests in southern New England. However, in November of that year he was killed in an automobile accident, and in March, 1930, the family sold its interest outright to the New England Power Company. The Wilmington Electric Light Company had ceased to exist. Today the lines have been extended outside the Village under the supervision of the Green Mountain Power Corporation.

The Old Lamplighter has been replaced by the Reddy Kilowatt Man, who makes our lives easier and more comfortable. In a little over fifty years Wilmington has come to accept electricity as a necessity of good living and take it for granted. We should not, however, forget the struggle that our far-sighted forefathers had to bring us this great improvement.

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2. VERMONT'S MOST INTERESTING CHURCH

By Kathryn M. Dimick
Richmond High School

Second Prize 1950

In the little village of Richmond, tucked away in the hills of Vermont, there stands a building unique in character and age. Like many old buildings in Vermont it has weathered the years quite well, and like all such buildings it has a long and intriguing history, but unlike most others it has a shape as weird as the legends that have grown up about it. I refer, of course, to the Old Round Church—that sixteen-sided edifice erected in such a way as to keep the devil out of its corners. Tempered by time and that staunch New England custom of adding a line here and there to every story, we have the tale of the Old Round Church.

Early ecclesiastical records are few and far between, but we do know that from the time of its incorporation in 1795, until 1814, the

town was without any formal meeting-place. The many scattered denominations met in private homes, while town meetings were held in various places, such as schoolhouses, private homes, or even outdoors. Finally, it became evident that a large building was necessary.

The problem of erecting a public meeting house was a frequent topic of discussion in Richmond's many town meetings. On December 6, 1796, a committee of five was chosen to investigate possibilities of erecting such a building. Oddly enough, this report is excluded from town records with the statement at a later meeting that the report of the committee was read and not accepted.

Again on November 22, 1798, another committee was chosen for the same purpose. There followed a very brief meeting which, after the naming of the seven committeemen, was adjourned until December 12. The next meeting was even shorter; since the committee was not prepared to report, this assembly was immediately adjourned until March 5 of the following year. On that day the committee reported as follows: "a majority reported in their opinions the most suitable place was the dwelling where 'Doct' Seth Cole now lives—the minority gave its opinion that the most suitable place was near Amos Brownson's dwelling house." Evidently the dissension was too much for the townspeople, because they immediately adjourned the meeting without acting upon this report.

By reading between the lines, one may assume that there were many heated discussions on the subject outside of town meetings. However, nothing was actually done until Isaac Gleason and Thomas Whitcomb volunteered land for a building. The warning of February 7, 1812, carried notice of three items—the last of which was in the form of a request that "—the honorable voters of said town would chose a committee of three for the purpose of erecting and building a meeting-house in S. Richmond." This request was formally signed by the two men who "pledged themselves—to furnish sixty rods each clear of expense." This was, at last, a substantial starting point, and the citizens seized it as an ideal solution.

The committee named included William Rhodes, Esq., Isaac Gleason, and James Butler. These men were delegated to raise money by public vendue of the pews within three weeks from that date. To the committee was given the right to adjourn these sales whenever it saw fit, to collect payments, and to prevent the giving of preference to anyone because of his "religious tenets or creed." It was also specifically written that the building might be used by all denominations professing Christianity, providing they could enjoy

that privilege peaceably. At this time there were seven denominations in town; actually only five later accepted the agreement.

These plans proved more successful than the other; the money for the pews was collected as soon as work on the building became evident, and each religious society campaigned vigorously, netting the following totals: Congregationalists, $1531.54; Universalists, $1972.44; Baptists, $214; Christians, $201.54; and Methodists, $60. William Rhodes, chairman of the committee, became principal builder. There is no evidence to state that he had any more carpentry experience than his fellow workers, but he was an able leader who rallied many to his cause. One can find all their names in Rhodes' personal accounts.

Nearly all of 1813 was spent in erecting the huge and strange edifice. More than twenty men, many of whom were from the same families, worked during this period under the careful guidance of Rhodes. Part of the work was donated, but much of it was paid for as each man completed his task. Different kinds of work brought different wages. For example, of three men who worked four months, two received slightly over $80; the other, only $48. Rhodes himself received no pay for the 300 days he labored.

One man was delegated to purchase the following items in Troy, New York: large nails and lath nails, clapboards, hinges, white lead and oil. Equipped with these and with wooden tools, the men performed the laborious task of shaping the huge timbers into beams, of painting the outside, which took thirty days and cost $40. The painting of the interior consumed twenty-six days and only $26.80. When the last man was paid on December 31, 1813, the building described by Rhodes as the "Round Church" had cost a total of $2,305.42. This figure broken down includes: Carpenters and joiners, $618.30; hired labor, $300; 18,000 shingles, $36; timber, $112; and 45,500 board feet, $364. Land for a public common was deeded to the town by Isaac Gleason for a sum of $75. Thus, cooperation and perseverance won over dissension, proving again that Vermonters can do anything they set their hearts on.

Of course, the success of this project was due to many men, but the one who stands out the most is William Rhodes. This public-spirited gentleman continued to serve the town by his active life in public affairs. His name is found throughout the town records as a member of various committees and as a town officer who displayed leadership and responsibility. When he died in 1861, he was buried in the town cemetery. An open Bible is inscribed upon his tombstone,

but an even more fitting monument is the Old Round Church, his great masterpiece.

According to the original agreement, those buying pews became proprietors who signed a formal document. Of these five denominations that were represented, the Universalists held a majority; the Methodists, who had only one member, seemed to be in a definite minority. It is believed that religious services were commenced immediately in the building, since it is known that the first town meeting was held there on March 1, 1814. This is a practice still in use today.

When completed, the Round Church measured fifty feet in diameter, was a regular polygon of sixteen sides, and exhibited typical meeting-house features. These include a high pulpit, a balcony encircling twelve of its sides, and hard-seated box pews. Boards used in these pews were cut from native virgin pine, some of which are as many as forty-eight inches wide. In an effort to preserve the secret ballot, voting booths have replaced the original pews under the balcony facing the congregation. On each side of the upper floor, there is a window. The ground floor has three doors, and a window is to be found on each of its sides not having a door.

Needless to say, modern locks have supplanted the old, heavy, six-inch keys, one of which may now be found in the Richmond Free Library. The public common where horses were once hitched is now a lovely park. Other than the new coat of paint it received five years ago, the church has been subject to little change. This repairing and painting cost the town $24,455, more than the cost of the original building. The years have treated this sturdy meeting house so kindly that only the belfry is considered unsafe today.

Just how this edifice got its novel shape has long been a subject for speculation. One legend has it that sixteen men who built the church could not agree on who was to build the sides, with the resulting compromise. As already related, there were more than twenty men who shared in its erection. Another more plausible rumor reports that William Rhodes patterned it after a barn (or church) he saw in Rhode Island. Of course, if one is superstitious, he may choose to believe that the people were just trying to keep the devil out of its corners.

In any case, its age and shape have attracted the attention of many people. It is rumored that Henry Ford once offered to purchase the church and move it to Dearborn. No basis for this can be found, but we can be certain that the church was well worthy of his consideration. It has also been lauded by Robert Ripley in his syndicated column,

"Believe It or Not." Feature articles in magazines and newspapers have increased the flow of summer tourists to an average of more than sixty a month.

It is considered one of the oldest community churches in America. However, no regular services have been held in it since the church union was broken in the middle of the nineteenth century. How long the denominations continued to worship together peaceably is hard to ascertain, but gradually the groups grew until they considered it more respectable to have their own churches. Although some minority groups disappeared, most were absorbed by others. The Congregationalists were the first to withdraw in 1850, while the Universalists built their church in 1879. Thus, the building again became, as it had always been, a town meeting-place.

In August of 1913 a gala centennial celebration was held. This was comparable to the traditional Fourth of July picnics so often portrayed in American literature, except that it continued for three exciting days. The first day featured a Sunday service in the church. Monday and Tuesday were marked by parades in which bands from Jericho, Underhill, Hinesburg and Richmond played. Ball games and other sports were also largely attended. Not until five years later, however, did the annual services begin. This tradition has continued down to the present time.

The story of the Old Round Church moves along like the eddying current of the river that flows near it. Although obscured by the shadows of time, legend, and ill-kept records, it is a tale that ever remains an intangible reminder of the past. The Old Round Church, with its fascinating history, inspires in all that respect owed to one who has lived a long and noble life.

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3. THE HOMESTEAD WITH A HISTORY

By Barbara Rosen
Rutland High School

Third Prize 1950

Until 1771 the land where Poultney is now situated was an unbroken wilderness. Very few explorers ever ventured into the wild territory. The forest was carpeted with brown pine needles,

and walled with bright green; its ceiling was a soft blue color, flecked with the puffy whiteness of the clouds. Elfin lakes reflected the rich green of the pines. The air was filled with the roaring and bubbling of Poultney River and its many tributaries, the patter and rustling noises made by small animals, and the occasional clumping of a bear. On a quiet summer day, perhaps you might have heard a distant hoot of an Indian hunter, echoing from majestic mountains with sky-reaching summits. From the slopes of Old Herrick, Spruce Knob, and Bird Mountain, could be seen the Adirondacks; Lake Champlain, to the north-west; the Catskills, to the south-west; and the Green Mountains to the east. Poultney River bubbled from its source in these mountains, and, gathering water from its many tributaries, rushed and roared through the valleys, and then westward, into the clear water of Lake Champlain. At this time Poultney River and its many tributaries were nameless. But being nameless didn't bother them, and they rushed merrily along, brimming with clear water, and filled with fat, lazy trout—then the white man came.

The origin of the name "Poultney" is unknown. There is a tradition, perhaps not reliable, that there was an English Lord Poultney, and that a knowledge of him suggested the name. Another theory is that "Poultney" was the family name of a friend of Benning Wentworth. Of course, both of these theories might possibly trace back to the same source. "Poultney" may be found on a map of England, as the name of a small lake. However, it is a very uncommon name.

Poultney has an early history common to most early Vermont towns, with their charters, land grants, and adventurous settlers. In 1771, a charter was granted, and land was given to several grantees, who were residents of Litchfield County, Connecticut, and Berkshire County, Massachusetts. With some of his neighbors of Litchfield County, Josiah Lewis came to Poultney. He brought with him his wife, his small son, and a few belongings. The Lewis family settled on the Old Military Road, about four miles from today's East Poultney. At the time, the nearest mill was at Manchester, a long thirty miles away for Josiah and his friends, who were forced to walk this distance, carrying wheat and flour through the thick undergrowth.

These early settlers were very poor. With their families, they came into a stubborn, unbroken wilderness; they cleared the forests and built homes; they established a civilized society; and during their first discouraging years, they were at war with the neighboring New Yorkers, who claimed their land. Soon afterwards, they were

thrown into the Revolutionary struggles, involving the English and the Indians. The early Poultneyites deserve much credit for their bravery and patriotism in these wars.

On March 8, 1775, the first town meeting on record was held. Josiah Lewis and some of his near neighbors were appointed as a committee for laying out highways. Meetings were called whenever an important issue came up. One time, the Poultneyites voted down an issue of paying three dollars a month toward the salaries of Poultney soldiers. Another time, their Committee of Safety applied to General Gates for ammunitions for the town stock. A letter to the general, in May, 1775, stated: "We are upwards of fifty, able to bear arms when called for. We are for liberty in general, and don't know that there is a dam'd Tory in this town."

The Revolution greatly affected the people of Poultney. Josiah Lewis was active in the "Green Mountain Boys," under Ethan Allen. The Poultney men were absent from their town the entire months of June and July, 1775, because they were fighting at Ticonderoga and Hubbardton. In July, word came to the women and children that Burgoyne's troops and the Indians were coming. Molly Cole (Josiah's wife) gathered up her children and her friends, who aroused the town; and they all fled southward, with Indians in hot pursuit. On their way, the women were refused lodging, so they retreated onward through the wilderness, until they reached their former homes in Connecticut. They all returned to Poultney the following spring and summer. The Lewises did much for the patriots. Josiah, besides rendering his services in a few of Vermont's famous historic battles, was an aide to Colonel Brookins for a time; and Molly carried news for the patriots. For her services, she was granted 160 acres, adjoining the Lewis farm. She is now buried somewhere on that property.

Josiah and Molly prospered on their farm, and ten sons and daughters swam in Lewis Brook, or staged snow battles in the fields behind the little log home. Although the other children, when they grew up, scattered throughout the state, John, the eldest son, married a neighbor's daughter, and they remained on the farm. Soon several children were enjoying the same games, in the same places where their aunts and uncles had played. These children followed the same paths that their elders had followed, scattering as though with the winds, to the four corners of Vermont. But John Junior, after spending some years as a captain in the militia, grew homesick for the farmhouse; so he returned home, married a Poultney girl, and they watched their children playing the same games that their great-aunts

and uncles had joined in. John Junior spent his life improving the farm and the financial status of the family. He also was prominent in politics, and ably represented Poultney in the Legislature. His children all left the homestead. One son, Julius, was killed in West Virginia, after serving five years in the Civil War as a First Sergeant. The most prominent son was Mark. When he was twenty-two, the opportunities of the West beckoned to him, so westward he went. He remained in Peru, Illinois, for two weeks, promptly got enough of the West and returned home, a disillusioned, but wiser young man. In 1861, after his return, his father built a house for him on the homestead property. The building of this house was a symbol of the half-way point, the end of the early pioneer life, and the birth of the modern life in the Lewis genealogy. To the portion of the family, whose lifetimes had preceded the building of this house, its construction would have meant achievement; and to the folks born afterward, the house symbolizes tradition. As soon as the house was finished, Mark moved in with his bride. His two sons were the first of the family to play games thus far away from the old homestead. Mark was a natural mechanic, builder, and cattle man. He constructed a varied collection of buildings for himself, including barns, outhouses, a cheese factory, and a cider mill. As his father before him had done, Mark specialized in fine Merino sheep, a hobby which he followed until 1888. Mark was also a staunch Republican, and he ably served as selectman for fifteen consecutive years, and then resigned.

If Mark were living now, he would be justly pleased to see how well his home is kept up by his grandson, Ernest. Mark's three granddaughters are scattered throughout Vermont; and Arthur, his other grandson, now works a farm about a quarter of a mile up the Lewis property from Ernest's house. Violet Lincoln, who also was descended from a long line of early Vermonters, is the wife of Ernest. Her earliest Vermont ancestors owned the land on which Josiah Lewis fought during the Battle of Hubbardton. Dairy farming was the occupation of Ernest, who is now retired. His two children Marion and Alan, made up the seventh generation of Lewises who lived on the homestead property. Marion and her husband and daughter live in Rutland. Alan, an ex-Marine, fought overseas in the last war. He married a Rutland girl and is a radio announcer. They have one child, Mark Alan, who is named for his great-great-grandfather.

Ernest's farm is composed of 225 acres. Mark owned 407 acres, but Arthur now has the rest of the land. Ernest's house, originally built for Mark in 1861, is situated on Lewis Brook, a tributary of

Poultney River. Across the dirt road in front of the house, and on the opposite side of the brook stands the sugar-house. A few yards west of this, lie the remains of a once-flourishing cheese factory and cider mill, whose foundation reveal the work done by Mark in the last century. In the flood of 1927, the sturdy buildings which housed the cheese factory and cider mill were washed down the wild brook, into Poultney River, and then into Lake Champlain. A half mile or so behind the house is the site of the original house on the Old Military Road. The "road" was nothing more than several logs crossing the swamps from Hubbardton to Bennington. The forests hold their stand on the other side of the path; now there is no sign of a road, except for a few old, rotting logs.

The home of Ernest and Violet is a large Colonial-style house, with its huge kitchen, cozy pantry, and cold sheds. Upstairs are four bedrooms, into which pours the warm sunlight through several low half-windows. In a downstairs den reposes a large mahogany secretary which belonged to Mark. In the back shed is a rope, dangling through a small hole in the ceiling. If you should pull on it, you would hear a loud metallic clanging from the old iron dinner bell on the roof. From the ground, up the pillars over the slate roof, and up to the old iron bell, the Lewis house is a typical early well-kept Vermont farmhouse. If you should walk up into the woods behind the house, you would find that there has been little change in nearly two hundred years, as far as twittering birds, rustling animals, and babbling brooks are concerned. But back down to the homestead; surely it has a history far more interesting than any its neighbors could claim.

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Folklore Department

Edited by Leon W. Dean
President, Green Mountain Folklore Society

1. Old Letters Talk

[*Extracts from one letter written by Mr. G. H. Round to Mr. Charles Spafford concerning the early history of Clarendon Springs.*]

"In 1781 my father moved to Clarendon Springs; the country was then a wilderness with not a stick cut. My first recollection of the Springs being called 'mineral,' or being used for medicinal purposes was about 1793 or '94. At that time there was a space of ten rods or more in extent, upon which no green thing grew except a cold moss. It looked like the remains of an old lime kiln, covered with cinders for the water to run through, under which, and cropping through in many places, was a strata of soft white clay, very fine and delicate. The water was then heavily charged with deposits, much more so than at present, so that a board laying in it for 90 or 100 days would be completely coated over with a cinder-looking substance from 1/16 to 1/8 inch in thickness.

"As early as 1800 many people began to visit the spring as a cure for poisons and salt rheum. In 1781, George Round, my father, built a log house near the springs and took a few boarders. In 1798 he also built a frame house and opened a hotel.

"The first wonderful cure I remember of at the springs was in 1800. A man named Shaw used the white clay at the springs upon a cancer and cured it.

"The understanding I have of the derivation of the name of the town is that the first white man ever buried in town was named Clarendon, and that the town took its name from him.

"I never knew any division of the town into School Districts until 1827. The first school teacher I ever knew in town was Solomon Millington, about 1794.

"At about 1797, there was eight families residing in the immediate vicinity of the Springs who had 113 children, 99 of whom were living and attended the same school." (*The letter then goes on to give*

the names of the families and the number of children in each family.) (The number in each family ranged from twelve to nineteen!)

The letter continues: "In these families no man of the eight ever had more than one wife, and there was but one pair of twins in the lot. And the extreme difference in ages between the first born of all the families was 16 years."

The writer has this to say about himself: "I was born in Clarendon (in the first house built at the Springs) on the 5th day of December 1788, and I lived in that immediate neighborhood till 1834, when I moved to Ira. I lived in Ira nine years and then came back to Clarendon and lived in town until 1857. I was 14 years Constable of Clarendon from 1817 to 1831. I was in the Militia service in town for 16 years and never missed a training or muster in that time. . . . With the exception of Town Clerk, I have held every office in town, and was a volunteer at the battle of Plattsburg, and got to Burlington after the close of the battle. I never reached a higher military rank than that of Captain in the militia. In 1827 & 1828 I represented the town in the House of R. and was a member of the Constitutional Convention at Montpelier at the same time. Perhaps the most remarkable thing I can say about myself is, that I never took a chew of tobacco, smoked a pipe or cigar, never drank any spirits of any kind or paid a lawyer a fee in my life."

The date of this letter is not known, but since the writer was nearly 84 at the time it must have been about 1782.[1]

Church Lore

On Barnard Hill, near the cemetery, is a slab recording the meeting of the General Conference of America of the Methodist Church on that hill in the year 1826, with Bishop Francis Asbury presiding. It is believed that many of those attending the meeting slept in portable shelters and cooked their meals over open fires or in the homes of the vicinity.

—&—

A Methodist church without a building was dedicated one hundred years ago in Bolton. The place was a natural amphitheater in the rocks back a short distance from Route No. 1 between Jonesville and Bolton village.

—&—

In Sandgate there still stands a Methodist church that was among the first to be dedicated in Vermont.[2]

Grandfather's Morgans

During the eighteen fifties and sixties, when the West was being settled, Grandfather Jones raised and sold many horses. One fall he shipped a carload to his brother in Missouri, who sold them on shares. One of that lot brought $1,000.

Grandfather always broke his own colts to the harness. He never hesitated to drive the high-spirited Morgans, although it gave Grandmother a good many anxious hours. On one occasion his four-year-old son wanted to ride to the village with him. Noticing the lively horse he was hitching to the buggy, Grandmother did not think it prudent. But Grandfather replied that he guessed it would be all right for little Bub to go along if he wanted to.

On the way down the first hill, about a quarter of a mile from the house, the horse, startled by an object beside the road, jumped and shied. A part of the harness gave way. Grandfather knew that he was in for a runaway. Holding the reins tightly in his right hand, he grasped little Bub's coat collar with his left, lifted him out over the wheel, and dropped him in the tall grass by the roadside, unharmed. Grandfather and the Morgan raced on.[3]

—&—

Folk Say

[Vermonters Use Many Proverbs.]

Rain before seven clear before eleven.
Curdled sky never left the ground dry.
If there's enough blue in the sky to make a Dutchman a pair of pants, it won't rain.
Every path hath a puddle.
He who lies down with the dogs must expect to come up with fleas.
Have not thy cloak to make when it begins to rain.[4]

—&—

Perley

Perley was always averse to labor of any kind; and while his father owned and operated a general country store, he managed on one pretext or another to avoid helping wait on trade. He once remarked, "This working between meals is what gets me."

After his father was appointed postmaster for the small community, Perley became his assistant and much of the time helped to sort the

mail and to pass it out at the delivery window. One day Harry, a farmer from the neighboring hill, called for his mail, and Perley remarked, as he handed it through the window: "I would feel pretty bad if I thought I had to spend the rest of my life in this post office."

"So would the rest of us," was Harry's laconic reply, as he pocketed the two letters handed him.

Perley made no further comment.[5]

—&—

The Lord's Business

A contractor and his men were building a bobbin mill in a small Vermont town. One of the natives of the village went over one day to watch the operations. The contractor, who was getting ready to pour cement the next day, asked the farmer if he thought it would be a good day.

"Wal, yep, I guess maybe," replied the farmer.

The next night, after work, the contractor met the same old Vermonter.

"Well," he said, "you gave us one good day. Do you suppose you could give us another?"

"Nope," replied the old man. "I don't aim to go interfering with the Lord's business too much."[6]

—&—

He Never Shoots Bears

[*Fred Jennes, veteran woods guide, tells this tale and swears by all the Bibles in the county that it's the gospel truth.*]

So you want to know why I don't kill bears. Well, it's this way. Three years ago this June I was on a fishing trip up to Grand Lake. I had been out on the water pretty nearly all of one day and, getting tired, paddled back to camp. I hauled the canoe up on the sandy beach and started for the shack.

When I got within one hundred feet of the place, I saw the front door was open. I peeked in. There stood a big black bear just pulling the cork out of my molasses jug with his teeth. Out came the sticky syrup all over the floor. Bruin lapped up some of it, and then rubbed his right paw into the rest, smearing the stuff all over it.

I crept around behind the camp, stuck my head in the window and yelled. That bear went through the door like a bullet and headed for the lake. I never saw such an odd gait on a bear before—sort of a

mixture of running and galloping. He was holding up the paw daubed with the molasses. When he reached the shore, he sort of sat down there. From where I stood, it looked as if he was holding his sweetened paw up in the air.

It was June, and the air was full of flies, mosquitoes and black midges. I could see that they were swarming around that molasses foot. Soon it was covered with flies feasting on the stuff. About this time the bear waded out into the water and stood up. He was in to his shoulders. He placed the sweetened paw down close to the surface, and the next thing I knew a fine trout jumped clear of the water at those flies.

Well, sir, every time a fish leaped, bruin would give it a cuff and send it far up the beach. Finally, he seemed to think he had enough. Anyway, he waded ashore, lapping off the insects, and I expected he would sit down and gobble every fish. When I saw the mess of them he had, I couldn't help thinking how all I had caught that day was two small ones.

Yes, sir, he had a fine feed, that bear did, and when he had eaten half a dozen big trout he paused, looked over at the bushes where I was and laid the remaining fish in a row. Then he ambled off up the shore, but kept looking back over his shoulder.

I walked down to the beach, and, sure enough, there lay half a dozen beautiful trout. At the edge of the woods the bear had stopped and was standing up. As loud as I could, I yelled, "Thanks, old man!" Do you know, he actually waved a paw at me and dove into the thicket. I honestly think he left those fish to pay me for my spilled molasses.

No, sir, I never shoot bears.[7]

—&—

Working Butter in a Bowl

Polly Dean was the wife of one of Monkton's leading citizens. She was not always of the mildest disposition. This mild spring morning she sat on her wide steps trying to work a small amount of butter in a bowl which she could easily hold in her lap.

A cobbler came along past, and, as was his custom, stopped to see if there might be a job waiting for him on the boots or shoes of the household, or possibly a harness to mend.

"Mornin', Mis' Dean. Anything to mend?"

"No, there ain't," came the tart reply. "And furthermore get out

of my yard or I'll break this butter bowl over your head, you fool!"

The gentleman in question lost no time in getting into the road, but, once there, turned to Polly and sang out:

Oh, Polly Dean, she's very mean;
She's working butter in a bowl.
I think the devil sits beside her,
Waitin' for her old soul.

With this parting message, he went down the road, looking for more boots to mend.[8]

—&—

Folk Remedies

A—Place a heart of an onion in the ear for a cure for earache.

B—Boil a bull thistle. Drink the brew and you have a sure cure for neuralgia.

C—To draw a boil, place the gum from a spruce tree on the affected part and cover. (Usually takes the skin and all.)

D—Take a small piece of alum, a teaspoon of sugar, a few sage leaves and one quarter cup vinegar; steep, and when cold gargle every two hours for a sore throat.

E—Poke Root Poultice—Roast some freshly dug poke root in ashes until soft; then wash and apply as a poultice.

F—For Tape Worm—Eat four ounces of pumpkin seed at night.

G—Boil a lady's slipper and drink the brew for St. Vitus Dance.

H—Pour hot lard or tallow on the inside of the nail for ingrowing toe nails.[9]

—&—

Bless This Food

Years ago in Vermont, when distances between farms were greater and a variety of food supplies harder to get, mush and milk, or hasty pudding, was a daily stand-by. The daughter of a prosperous farmer had two suitors, a young minister and the son of a near neighbor. One Sunday night the minister came to call and was asked to stay for supper. The young farmer happened in a little while later, and was also invited to supper. When this second guest appeared, there was at once great activity in the region of the kitchen. At supper the young minister was asked to say the blessing. And this is what he said:

Lord of love, look from above,
And see how things have mended,
For here you see shortcake and tea,
Where mush and milk were first intended.[10]

[1] Vera Perkins, Rutland. [2] Don H. Sears, Albany. [3] Ruth Mann, Northfield. [4] Leona G. Phillips, Sheldon. [5] Amos J. Eaton, South Royalton. [6] Marion S. Rowley, Burlington. [7] K. Anna Fitzsimmons, Burlington. [8] Don H. Sears, Albany. [9] Leona G. Phillips, Sheldon. [10] Dorothy L. Leach, Enosburg Falls.

Here lies the remains of H. P. Nichols' wife
Who mourned away her natural life.
She mourned herself to death for a man
While he was in the service of Uncle Sam.
—Binghamville Cemetery.

—

I was somebody
Who?
Is no business
of yours
—Stowe Cemetery.

As We Say It

[*Collected by Prof. Muriel J. Hughes of the University of Vermont, state chairman of the American Dialect Society.*]

I don't aim to miss.
I disremember—don't remember.
We're agin it.
all told—all counted
back side to—inside out, or to go at a thing the wrong way
bees in his bonnet—foolish ideas
Bless my buttons!
bob—calf to be sold as veal
boughten—purchased
bracks—small holes

He acts as though he were brought up in a saw mill.
He's buried under shavings—lost in unimportant detail
buttry—pantry
By thundering canthooks!
a cat's jump—short distance
a chewing match—a heated argument
climbing Devil's Hill—getting into trouble
come-uppance—punishment
crotch deep on a nine-foot Indian—deep snow
culch—worthless items: mess
a lowry day—threatening weather
looking for salt pork and sundown—anticipating death
mop board—base board
to sugar off—to finish
neat's a trout
down the road a piece—not far
to red up—to straighten up
shock—a stroke
junket—a good time
poor stick—a no-good person

A Vermont Bookshelf

1. FOUR-SQUARE. BY DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER. 236 PP. HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY. NEW YORK, 1949. $3.00.

This book should interest our readers who like good reading, our scholars who might ponder what can be done with basic historical materials transfused into human terms, our writers who so often ask about techniques by which past incidents of some historical value can be turned into fiction. Mrs. Fisher refers to her life as a writer in the introduction—"half a century long it is now"—but even she is not aware, probably, of the way such stories speak of Vermont, not in terms of economic factors, social shifts and changes, and so on, but of the Vermont spirit seen in casual incidents and casual lives. "What is history but a fable agreed upon?" Napoleon asked, and he had good reason for the question; but there are certain essences and verities that do not change with the shifting years; and Mrs. Fisher, more than any other Vermont writer or any marginal writer in Vermont, has sensed what those essences and values are.

Now that we have raised the issue, we hope Vermonters and others will read through *Four-Square* and test our judgment and conviction. There is evidence that the modern short-story in the modern magazine has a very brief day in the minds of readers. The stories in *Four-Square* are the lingering kind. There are sixteen stories in all; and since the titles have the flavor of the stories (also a Vermont touch), we will list them as a hint toward the reading of them: The Old Soldier, As Ye Sow—, Uncle By's Schoolteacher Wife, The Apprentice, Grand Opera, The Bradlock Chest, Sunset at Sixteen, One Day Late, Sex Education, Henry and His Aunt Anna, The Biologist and His Son, Deep Channel, Ann Story, The Moran Scandal, The Knot-Hole, and Americans Must Be Told.

D.J.

2. EIGHTY YEARS OF IT: 1869–1949. BY LUTHER B. JOHNSON. 238 PP. LUTHER B. JOHNSON. RANDOLPH, VT. 1949. 97 ILLUS. $3.00

Mr. Johnson states a thesis in the foreword to this volume—one with which we heartily disagree: "This book has small excuse for being. It merely tells the story of eighty years of ordinary life lived

by the author, almost entirely in an average size Vermont village. . . . As a whole his life has been mainly uneventful—the kind of life that nine-tenths of all the people in these United States live." The reviewer remembers hearing Bliss Perry say at Harvard, years ago, that the only significant people in the world are just those classified in Mr. Johnson's "nine-tenths"; and Professor Perry added a sentence to the effect that the world grows steadily better not through the leadership it is given but through the quiet work of thousands and thousands of "average" people. When one pauses a moment to consider the vast stupidities, the relentless selfishness, the gigantic ambitions of men who have been supposed to be leaders of men, the few and far Lincolns, one can agree with Perry.

In any event, Mr. Johnson's pleasantly bound and printed book tells simply, without effort, rhetoric, or bombast, the story of a life, decently, capably, usefully lived—and that achievement is enough for any man. Moreover, because we must think in terms of historical data, this volume is good sources for the social historian in the years mentioned in the title—sources in terms of its human element, also in terms of village life, and the amazing changes the years have seen. Mr. Johnson was for more than fifty years a country weekly newspaper editor and publisher (and, by the way, perhaps the best in the state during that period—some research student take notice). He served also on the State Board of Education and with distinction in the Vermont legislature. His life has been largely lived in Northfield and Randolph, Vt.; and his use of those years in both places shows an intelligent grasp of all factors involved. We commend this volume to readers who like the intimate story of such a life and to others who have a scientific interest in the field the book covers. The information bears every evidence of accuracy in fact and statement; and the treatment is also entertaining. Would that more men and women of the immortal "nine-tenths" had the interest, the ability, and the background needed for many books of this type!

J.T.

3. FINANCIAL STATISTICS OF STATE, COUNTY, AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN VERMONT: FISCAL YEARS 1932–1946 INCLUSIVE. ALSO, SUPPLEMENT TO THE SAME 1947–1948. COPYRIGHT 1950. VERMONT DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION, RESEARCH AND PLANNING DIVISION, MONTPELIER, VT. 400 PP. VERMONT RECONNAISSANCE LAND CLASSIFICATION MAP (COLOR). SUPPLEMENT—124 PP.

Here in this skilfully compiled and arranged volume, largely by

the tabulation methods, the destiny of Vermont may be charted on the basis of merciless statistical data. These cover statistics on state indebtedness, county governments, poor house associations, two summations covering cities, towns, and incorporated districts and cities and towns. The base used in the town analysis is the following: fiscal year, grand list, tax rate, taxes assessed, total delinquent taxes, total indebtedness, cash on hand, population, net cost of poor direct state aid, old age assistance. The statistics illuminate many a blind problem that state and local leaders face, business men, and other classifications. It will be referred to in VHS studies now being prepared which trace in historical terms the population changes of the past 50 years in an effort to isolate the factors involved.

A.W.P.

4. THE PHYSICAL FEATURES OF VERMONT. BY ELBRIDGE CHURCHILL JACOBS. 166 PP. INDEX. 15 ILLUS. VERMONT DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION. MONTPELIER, 1950.

A wanderer myself all over Vermont, I little realized how ancient the history of the state was until in a remote region, I met, as one often does on the hidden byways, one of the wise men who know that the roaring highways and crowded places of men are really a minor phase of a mighty interesting world. In the wild places or the semi-wild, in the hidden valleys and on the peaks is the real, unchanging world of practically unchanging values. One wonders, for instance, on hearing a thrush singing in some remote copse how many ages the thrushes have been singing, totally unconcerned with the affairs of men and men themselves. He sees a perfect shell in the rock of Lake Champlain's shore, and wonders again how many ages ago the little shell lived in an ancient sea.

The point of the above homily is that our members who come to the state—or in their own states—might find an interesting hobby that will take them far from this half-mad world in the study of its geological past. And here in Professor Jacob's clearly printed and illustrated book is a base for the study. The first fifty-two pages, dealing with "Fundamentals" are intended to make the main theme, "Physical Features," intelligible to the lay reader, according to the author, and the pages do just that.

He says, "Vermont is fascinating in its geologic complexity," and it certainly is. He mentions some little-known mountains, Monestry, Shatterack, and Turkey—and wide ranging Vermonter as I am, I am startled by the realization that I never heard of them. I know the

meaning of the name of the Ompompanoosuc River, but his question as to the area it drained left me at sea.

In any event, whether you ever wander in Vermont or not, this volume tells its fascinating story; and if you do come, venture into the field of the geologist or the mineralogist, and you may find a life-long hobby—and don't forget that for young people there is a particular appeal in these subjects.

A relief map of the state with identifying names and a gazeteer covering the physical features of the state with identification of localities is a decidedly valuable addition to the text.

R.K.A.

REVIEW OF 1949

1. THE FORTIES IN 1949. AN ADDRESS AT THE ANNUAL DINNER BY EARLE WILLIAMS NEWTON, DIRECTOR 1942–1949
2. ABSTRACTS OF REPORTS

The Forties in Retrospect

By EARLE WILLIAMS NEWTON
Director, 1942–1950

WITH the turn of the half century, we have completed a decade of vigorous historical activity in the State of Vermont. I would like to take this opportunity, therefore, to look backward not merely for the year past, but for a number of years, to try to recapitulate what we tried to do and what we were able to do in the field of Vermont history. During this time we brought the Vermont Historical Society into the forefront of such state organizations with an active program of historical research, publication and education. It was in the latter field that our great expansion came—since it is only in recent years that historical societies have recognized their obligation in the interpretation of the vast materials of history which are gathered within their portals.

However, before it is possible to have an educational program, it is necessary to have a substantial basis for it. That basis was laid many years ago in decades of laborious collection of the source materials of Vermont history. Our job, therefore, was to continue the collection of the materials and, now, to provide more helpful instruments to their use. Our library, through this period, has grown steadily, both in manuscripts and in books, and, despite totally inadequate personnel to process it all, we have not merely kept up to date but made large inroads upon the accumulations of the past.

We had upon our shelves more than a half century of *Proceedings* of the Vermont Historical Society, with only a scattered index here and there. One of my first jobs, therefore, was to take these files, old series and new, and go over them page by page and word by word, indexing them by name and subject to make their vast resources available to students. The old *Proceedings*, of which we had many

surplus copies, were regrouped, bound, and indexed as the *Collections* of the Vermont Historical Society, Vol. III through X, for more convenient and economical use. A cumulative index for these volumes was published, as well as a cumulative index to the new series of the *Proceedings*. This was laborious and uninspiring, but necessary work.

In the field of publishing, we continued the issuance of specialized studies and learned works, even though this kind of books inevitably brought publishing losses in each case. We wrote off these losses as a part of our contribution to historical research. But at the same time we began to look around for means of extending the market of our publications and also publishing some titles which would at least cover their cost. One of the most successful of these was the late William J. Wilgus' careful study of the growth of transportation in Vermont. Some of the most successful titles—both of our own imprint and others—were grouped as volumes in a new series entitled "The Growth of Vermont." The first new title in that series was Dr. Chilton Williamson's controversial study of factional politics in the early days of the State, *Vermont in Quandary*.

In connection with what may well become the most significant project of all, we began the collection of documentary materials from a multitude of sources by means of a photostat and microfilm, with the intention of publishing a documentary history of the State up to 1800. For this your director joined forces with Mrs. Mary G. Nye, the indefatigable editor of the *Vermont State Papers* for many years. It was decided to develop this project within the framework of the *Vermont State Papers*, and with the cooperation of the Secretary of State, the work was begun in 1948. Microfilms were obtained from the Library of Congress, after careful investigation by both Mrs. Nye and myself and, with the assistance of Dr. Williamson, leads into the Canadian archives were developed. These latter microfilms should be forthcoming shortly. It is of particular satisfaction to me to know that this project will continue in the capable hands of Mrs. Nye, and that my successor will be in a particularly good position to give her every assistance. We are all greatly indebted to this grand lady, and these volumes, when published, will provide a fitting climax to a career of great service to her native state.

These were among the things which we did to lay a solid foundation of historical research for a broad educational program. They were not all the things that we would like to have done, but they were the things which we could do within our resources.

Yet, believing as we did in the basic importance of an understanding

of history and in its real value to the individual, both in his personal and public life—believing this, we felt the urgent need of extending our program to interpret the materials which we had gathered to a wider audience.

But we did not have the advantages of the classroom teacher, whose students come willy-nilly and who must pay attention however dull the presentation lest they fail the course. We, on the contrary, had to create our own audience by making our story interesting enough so that people would *want* to listen to it. Moreover, not having a ready-made audience, we had to use the channels of communication through which people were accustomed to receive information. The principal channels of communication in modern life, as we all know, are magazines, books, newspapers, radio and motion pictures. Having determined to use these agencies, we were faced with the fact that the cost was normally overwhelming. Our first problem, therefore, was to use ingenuity to find ways and means of utilizing these mediums within our very limited budget. The first we tackled was a magazine.

Our *Proceedings*, which we redesigned and retitled *The Vermont Quarterly*, had a long reputation for scholarly and typographic excellence. But it was not reaching much more than 500 people, and even the thousand who eventually became members of the Society were only a fraction of those we wanted to reach. It seemed necessary that we produce a magazine which could go into the public marketplace, and be sufficiently attractive so that people would buy it—and therefore support it—because it had genuine popular appeal. It was during the many dull days aboard an A K A in the middle of the Pacific that I evolved what I thought was a formula for such a magazine. Following my return from naval service, I enlisted the cooperation of Governor Mortimer R. Proctor for state support of such a venture—since the resources of the Historical Society were far too small. This support was given through the Vermont Development Commission, and the valuable cooperation given by this body and its directors has made possible the magazine we now know as *Vermont Life*. *Vermont Life* treats not merely the history of the dim past but also of the recent past. And often, I know, people are not aware that they are reading "history"—which is probably all to the good.

Here, too, we experimented widely with the pictorial medium. Let me ask you to recall the fact that in your daily life you receive information through your eyes by means of both visual images and words—but mostly the former. Thus it is that pictures are often the

most effective means of conveying information, particularly when they can be supplemented and explained by words. I am not an advocate of the picture magazine or the picture story exclusively; but I do urge the use of both in the proportion in which they would be most effective according to the individual taste.

We also attempted to use a great deal of natural color in our pictures, because this is how people are accustomed to seeing things with their eyes. This was costly, and experts told us that we could not possibly produce a magazine of this type, even if we had an audience ten times as large as that we thought we could reasonably expect. But we went ahead anyway, and hopefully printed as many as 12,000 copies of the first issue of *Vermont Life*—twenty times as many as we had ever printed of our scholarly magazines. But to our own great surprise, they were all gone in three days; 20,000 of the second issue disappeared as quickly; 25,000 of the third. It was not until we had printed 50,000 copies of the fourth issue that we reached what looked to be a temporary saturation point. But today many more copies even than that are printed of each successive issue. If we estimate a conservative five readers to each issue—and even the "throw-away" magazines estimate that many—we have between a quarter and a third of a million readers: a vast audience we had never reached before and probably could never have reached in any other way.

Building upon our experiences with *Vermont Life*, we determined upon the issuance of a new type book. It would be a large and extensively illustrated book, putting together words and pictures into an intelligible combination. Again the finances of the Society were inadequate, and the venture was financed privately. The result was *The Vermont Story*, which has already sold ten times as many copies as our previous "best seller" and which received the front page of the Herald Tribune book review section upon publication. It has reached not only a wide general audience of adult readers, but has gone extensively into the school system where there were no volumes which brought the story of Vermont up to date—in fact, none which went very far beyond 1791.

Still, there were many people whom we could not reach through either book or magazine. But almost everyone read the newspaper or listened to the radio. So we next turned to these mediums.

Obtaining the services of a talented script writer from nearby Goddard College, we began the preparation of a series of dramatic radio programs. It would have been easier merely to write narrations which could be given by a single person. But these have few listeners.

Instead we drew up a program which would *dramatize* colorful episodes out of the Vermont past, using an actual cast of characters. We enlisted the cooperation of Vermont Junior College and local Theater Guild, and persuaded the local radio station to provide public service time for their experimental broadcast. As we developed and perfected programs, they were recorded and sent around to other stations in the State, and finally during 1949 these programs were financially sponsored by banks and public service institutions. The initial costs were borne by the Historical Society but, as with our other programs, the principal costs of maintenance were obtained elsewhere.

Simultaneously, we approached the newspapers with a weekly column of historical comment and interpretation, based upon the historical episode dramatized that week on the radio. This interested newspaper readers in the radio program, and gave the radio listeners supplementary descriptive material which could not be included in the drama presented. These columns are carried under a special heading "This Is Vermont," which is also the title of the radio broadcast.

In addition to this, we enrolled the services of an ex-comic artist from the Chicago *Tribune*, now resident in Vermont, who draws for us a weekly panel cartoon of interesting facts out of Vermont history. This cartoon was sold—not presented—to several daily newspapers in Vermont and quickly covered its own cost. It has become one of our most popular features.

Finally, we turned to motion pictures—a field in which Hollywood spends hundreds of thousands—even millions. No such funds as this were available in Vermont, yet we were convinced that we could do an historical picture on a shoestring—as we had our many other ventures. Here, as before, the Historical Society provided the inspiration and original initiative, as well as extensive research prior to the actual filming. When it came time to begin with the latter, we again turned elsewhere for funds. The Vermont Historic Sites Commission, and particularly the Vermont Development Commission—now convinced by the success of *Vermont Life* of the value of colorful and dramatic historical presentations—combined to provide the minimum funds necessary to proceed with the filming. We were most fortunate to obtain the services of Robert and David Flaherty, eminent makers of documentary films. Your director spent many weeks during the summer of 1949 with David Flaherty, who directs the pictures, obtaining and placing on film the scenes requisite to the kind of picture

we wanted. Using the highly successful techniques evolved by Robert Flaherty, we did not lay down a rigid formula in advance, but canvassed the State for significant material. After more than ten times as much footage as would eventually be used had been shot, the film—based upon the book *The Vermont Story*—was finally edited into shape. Added to it was a musical score written by a Vermont composer, Alan MacNeill, and recorded by the Vermont State Symphony Orchestra. As I write these words, the film is in its last stages of completion, and its premiere will be announced this very month. It is a fitting climax to our program of broad public education in the Vermont past, undertaken these past years with the valued assistance of so many people both within the Vermont Historical Society and outside its ranks.

It is on this latter point that I wish to dwell particularly. It is to Leon Gay, our president, that the credit goes for launching, just ten years ago, a businesslike program of regeneration within the Vermont Historical Society. Without his continued sympathetic and thoughtful support, it would have been totally impossible to do the things which were done during this period; and I am sure he would be the first to say that without the valued assistance of Arthur W. Peach, Harold G. Rugg, and John Clement, Vrest Orton, and many others who have labored long in the vineyards, no such program would have been possible. I know that I, personally, cannot adequately express my sincere appreciation and deep sense of indebtedness to these men who have given so freely of their time and their thoughts to the welfare of the Society. I count them all among my intimate personal friends, as well as colleagues, and go now—perhaps only temporarily—outside the state, with a sense of rich and rewarding associations.

For such a program we needed financial as well as personal support, and this, as you have already seen, we found in many ways. We enlisted the support of many government and private agencies, and often obtained the creation of new ones where it seemed best. To administer a vitally needed archives program, we obtained the establishment of an effective Public Records Commission, with your president and director as members. We obtained from the Legislature an Historic Sites Commission with an appropriation even greater than our own to undertake badly needed work in this field, and your director served as its chairman. All along the highways of the State are the green and gold evidences of its work. We found, from bitter experience, that historic sites work, however necessary, was not within the financial resources of the Society. During the war there

was established, with an appropriation, the War History Commission, of which your director served as secretary, to do special work in this field.

Thus the Society, faced with a static endowment, shrinking interest rates and rising prices, undertook a program vastly larger than could be supported by its own resources, by enlisting the assistance of others. However, in recognition of the value of its work, the Legislature has more than tripled its direct appropriation to the Society, and public interest has been reflected in the doubling of our membership—and income from membership dues—over this period.

The record of the last ten years is one of vigorous activity, but this does not mean that we have in any way exhausted the field of new activity for the Society, as well as maintenance and expansion of the old. Our museum program, for example, has only just begun. True, as far back as 1942, we undertook a complete rearrangement of our available space to create a *museum* to replace the scattered cases which had been established in various corners of our library. But during this decade of expansion, we had not received a single inch of additional space, and the creation of a real State Museum awaited the removal of the library and offices to other quarters. I am glad to be able to report that before my departure I had at last achieved this, the most difficult of all our projects—if we are to judge it by the length of time and the amount of effort it took. Upon completion of the new State office building, we were able to obtain the offices previously occupied by the Tax Department in the front of the building, and early in 1950 we removed our offices and library to these new quarters. Here the working conditions will be vastly improved, and our books and manuscripts will be better placed and more available. Moreover, for the first time we have the space in which to develop a creditable museum. I envy my successor the opportunity which is his in its creation and development. And I must admit that it is just a bit ironical that, after working for eight years under extremely frustrating conditions, I should leave at precisely the moment when we have at last obtained what we long sought in terms of suitable quarters. But I am glad to have been able to obtain it for the Society, its staff and its public.

Much museum work is extension work, and we are increasingly doing a great deal of it in historic houses and outdoor museums. It is the desire of the Society to give every cooperation to projects under private control, such as the rising new museum at Shelburne. Moreover, we have given thoughtful consideration to the possibility of

developing an outdoor museum of early Vermont life around the Vermont Guild and Farrar-Mansur Tavern at Weston. Let us hope that the Society can find the financial sponsorship to make this possible, in cooperation with local residents. Last year, also, we received from Mr. A. Atwater Kent a bequest of $30,000 for the maintenance of the Kent Tavern at Calais as a historic museum. These funds will first become available in 1950 and give us at last the prospect of a competent and interesting development of this property. However, most of the work which we once projected through the Historical Society will now be carried out through the Historic Sites Commission, which was originally sponsored by the Society as a State agency to undertake this work.

Another field of activity in which we have only begun is a school assistance and junior historical program. For years the Society has sponsored the Edmunds Memorial Essay Contest, under the careful direction of Professor Peach. We have thus maintained our contacts with the schools but, for lack of staff, have been unable to develop a program comparable to that undertaken in many other states. The Society is fortunate in having as its new director a man who has worked with the schools for years and has guided our Edmunds Contest, and I foresee a great expansion of this aspect of our activity. Of course, much of the educational work which we prepared for the citizens of Vermont in general was also prepared with the schools in mind. *Vermont Life* and *The Vermont Story* have seen extensive use in the schools, and we have prepared multiple copies of our radio scripts and extra recordings for use in the schools. Our newspaper columns and cartoons are regularly clipped for history scrapbooks. But we still need better organization of the available material and continuous consultation with teachers as to the methods whereby they can be assisted in fulfilling the requirements of the Vermont curriculum with respect to the teaching of Vermont history. Junior history clubs in the schools would be a significant method of stimulating interest.

In closing, I want to extend special felicitations to Professor Arthur W. Peach, who now takes over active direction of the Society after many years of association with it as an officer. We were fortunate to obtain someone so thoroughly acquainted with its problems and so widely known throughout the State. Indeed, I feel greatly honored that a man of his stature should accept appointment to succeed me in a position which holds great possibilities for service to the State of Vermont and its people. And I cannot conclude without paying a

special tribute to the yeoman labors of those who have worked with me over these years: first Agnes Lawson and then Clara Follette as librarian, and Pliny F. Morse as custodian. Martha Corker rendered great service to the Society when working with me on the affairs of the American Association for State and Local History, national conference of the country's historical societies, which established its headquarters in Montpelier upon my election as its national executive secretary. And now Mrs. Madelyn Davidson has come to lend her organizational and executive talents to our educational and public relations program. To all of these and to the many more who have assisted us in such full measure over these years I extend deep appreciation. Fully as rewarding as the work have been the rich personal associations of the many friends I have acquired in the Society, in Montpelier and in the State of Vermont. I have put down roots very deeply here, and I do not think that I will ever be able to pull them up, even if I wanted to—which I do not. Mrs. Newton and I are retaining our home in Montpelier, and hope to be back frequently to see all our good friends and to assist in any possible way in the Historical Society's future program. I have been honored by being appointed consulting editor to the magazine I founded some four years ago, and through it, as well as the Vermont Historical Society, I hope to maintain my associations with you, and with the people of Vermont.

I am not far away, only just over the border of Vermont at Old Sturbridge Village, where I would like to welcome each and every one of you when you can tear yourself away, even temporarily, from the green hills of Vermont. I think it is only because the country around Sturbridge is so like our own here that I could reconcile myself to living elsewhere.

Thank you all.

2. ABSTRACTS OF REPORTS

Our Society, like any organization doing altruistic work, faces the cold impact of economic facts—costs are rising; so it seemed best to summarize rather than print the complete reports of our officers with the exception of the address by Mr. Newton. These reports are on file, however, in complete form and may be examined at any time; moreover, any specific question about any phase of them will be answered fully and promptly. The unusual burden of work falling upon the Society's small staff as a result of Mr. Newton's resignation, the removal and renovation of the

rooms to the new quarters, the renovation of the museum, and many other details of work of the Society led to delay in publishing the Quarterly and some confusion in other phases of our activities. Members should note that the "Statistics" and "Vermontiana" sections of the reports usually appearing in the January issue will be found in the April number. In another month, the work of the Society in all its phases will be organized and moving swiftly. A.W.P.

1. ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING by Clara E. Follette, Secretary.

The annual meeting was held in the Pavilion Hotel, Montpelier, July 1, 1950, at 4:00 P.M. with a large and encouraging number of members present. President Gay presided.

He announced the resignation of Director Newton who had accepted the highly responsible position of Director of the Old Sturbridge Village project at Sturbridge, Mass. A committee consisting of John H. McDill, chairman, John Clement, Harold G. Rugg, Vrest Orton, Samuel R. Ogden, and Prof. Arthur W. Peach, was charged with securing a successor to Mr. Newton. After considering a number of candidates, the committee felt that someone with editorial, research, administrative experience, in addition to a broad knowledge of Vermont and Vermont history was needed to meet the requirements of the position; and at a meeting at which Professor Peach was absent, it was decided to offer him the directorship.

Mr. Gay pointed out that the year had been successful in spite of the change and delay in securing a director and the work involved in moving to new quarters. He emphasized the fact that the achievement of the Society is limited only by its limited funds.

Dr. Peach spoke briefly, outlining the possibilities before the Society. He referred to the new membership classifications, to the valuable book on Vermont lease lands, by Prof. Bogart of Middlebury College, to be published shortly. Mr. Newton initiated the publication of the volume. Director Peach sketched plans for a new edition of the Wilgus book, a book of cartoons, a map of literary landmarks, a series of low-priced brochures, carefully designed and printed that would cover interesting and vital Vermont themes of historic values.

The nominating committee, through Mr. Orton, chairman, presented its list of officers; and these, as elected, will be found on the inside cover of this issue of the *Quarterly*.

A question and answer period followed on invitation of Dr. Peach. In answer to a question on finances, President Gay explained that in recent years the Society had been forced to use unrestricted funds

from the Wilbur Fund, and that about $800 remained. He hoped that it will not be necessary to curtail the work of the Society now that the above funds are about exhausted, that other sources of income may be found. Dr. Peach stated that he was confident that through a membership campaign consistently carried on and the support and interest of present members, the financial situation would improve.

2. ANNUAL DINNER.

Dinner was served to about 150 members and friends of the Society at 6:30 P.M. in the Pavilion Hotel. Following the dinner President Gay reported that the dinner meeting, also the business meeting, was the largest in attendance of any recorded gathering in the Society's history. He then introduced Professor Allan Nevins of Columbia University who delivered an address on "History This Side of the Horizon." This address will be printed in a future issue of the *Quarterly*. Mr. Newton then reviewed the Society's achievements during the period of his directorship. Three young high school students, winning the top prizes in the annual contest, read their essays. These essays appear in this issue of the Quarterly.

3. FINANCIAL STATEMENT by President Leon S. Gay

[*Condensed from the report of the auditor, Frederick A. Mayo.*]

General Endowment Funds			
Wilbur fund and life memberships 1/1/49		$104,518.80	
Interest and dividends	$3,489.15		
Life memberships	550.00		
Gain on sale of securities	2,422.06		
		6,461.21	
Total 12/31/49		$110,980.01	
Less Transfer to Current Funds		3,542.93	
Endowment Funds 12/31/49			$107,437.08
Dewey Memorial Fund			
Capital and income	$3,349.48		
Due current fund (diorama)	2,532.80		
Balance on hand 12/31/49			816.68
Edmunds Prize Contest Fund			
Principal and interest	$15,256.17		
Less expenses 1949 contest	480.86		
Balance on hand 12/31/49			14,775.31
Real estate, Kent Tavern and Log Cabin			11,734.03
Unrestricted Trust Funds			828.60
Current Funds, Income			
Balance 1/1/49	$1,943.04		
State of Vermont, appropriation	8,000.00		
Investment income	3,542.93		
Membership dues	2,847.00		
Publication income	11,768.39		
Radio and cartoon income	470.50		
Transfers from various funds (net)	1,942.09		
Miscellaneous income	80.72		
Total income		30,594.67	
Current Funds, Expenditures			
Salaries and travel	$13,634.06		
Publication costs	14,558.64		
Radio and cartoon costs	1,743.14		
Historical houses	432.50		
Total expenditures		30,368.34	
Cash on hand 12/31/49		$226.33	
Due from Dewey Fund		2,532.80	
Total Current Fund Resources			2,759.13
Total Vermont Historical Society Resources 12/31/49			$138,348.83

The Postscript

"Those who forget the past are in turn themselves forgotten."—GEORGE SANTAYANA.

The goodly number who attended the annual dinner in the comfortable and spacious dining-room of the Pavilion Hotel in Montpelier on July 1 suggested to the Society's officers that we plan on an annual summer meeting to which our members in the state, our summer visitors, and members afar journeying home to Vermont from their exile, might come easily. We would still keep the traditional meeting at the time the Legislature is in session. Our staff who labored far over the regulation hours in preparing the new rooms and the museum for the occasion, as well as the officers, were grateful for kindly words of praise from members and other visitors. We plan to keep the new quarters and the museum bright and shining, and we will welcome members and their friends at any time.

* * *

Professor Nevin's address, "History This Side of the Horizon," had the inevitable touch of the second-dimensional mind, the thinking of the historian who is concerned, not so much with events, as with the forces that underlie events. In fact, among sentences from his books that I remember is one that is worth musing upon: "Events are forces momentarily made visible." It is these forces far down under events that are carrying our world on to its unknown destiny. The tang of new ideas, woven into brilliant phrasing, made the address a joy to listen to. He suggested that he was a Vermonter, and he said he had tax receipts for twenty years to prove his claim. He has assured me that he will make the address available for printing in the *Quarterly*.

* * *

In keeping with the suggestion in the review of Professor Jacob's book on the physical features of Vermont, I can carry the idea along a bit by quoting from his section on "Gold":

> Vein gold was discovered in Bridgewater in 1851, but gold mining was never successful. Gold placer deposits also occur in the township which is said to have yielded several thousand dollars worth of the metal. How much it cost to obtain this yield was not stated, but it is Professor Perry's opinion that gold mining is "hardly more than a holiday diversion at best." Gold has also been "washed" in Stowe, Worcester, and probably in other places in the state. [*Geoleogy of Bridgewater and Plymouth:* E. L. Perry, 16th Rpt. Vt. State Geol. (1927–28).]

While one can hardly conceive of a gold rush to Bridgewater, the vacationist can have some fun, nevertheless, scouting around for gold in various areas of the state. The Green Mountains, according to Professor Jacobs were "folded and first elevated . . . some 350 million years ago." He quotes Professor P. E. Raymond of Harvard University: "the world's oldest coral reef. . . . A mass of coral which grew above the general surface of the surrounding floor of the sea." This reef is near the Goodwell quarries in the northeastern part of Isle La Motte. In speaking of the northeastern part of the state the author suggests that in the ancient rocks "vitally important substances" exist and that there is a "challenging possibility" for young men, equipped with portable Geiger-Mueller counters to achieve fame—and perhaps fortune."

* * *

The shadowy words that come out of the past give endless trouble to the student, the writer and the historian; and one of them, often appearing in Indian references to what is now Vermont, has been *Squaw-Maug*. In his article in the April *Quarterly*, Waldo F. Glover laid that ghost to rest; and in the same article he, also, in my opinion established the date on which the first English captives entered Vermont on the way to Canada. Mr. Glover is the author of *Abraham Lincoln, and the Sleeping Sentinel* (VHS 1936), now out of print, although we will republish it if the demand for it continues. He is now engaged in writing a history of Groton, Vt., as the official historian for the committee in charge of the project. He spends the summer in Groton on the farm where he was born. From 1926 to his retirement in December, 1949, he has been on the New England agency staff of Ginn and Company, publishers of school and college textbooks. He was elected at the annual business meeting of the Society to the Board of Curators.

* * *

The saga of Ann Story, known but not widely enough known by Vermonters and others, seems to me to have its final form in this moving and authentic version which opens this issue of the *Quarterly*. The breadth and depth of the understanding of Ann Story was so impressive, I wrote to Mrs. Fisher and asked her if she would be willing to sketch the material she reviewed before writing the version we have. I am grateful for her generous reply—which I commend to students and researchers (who so often use shallow sources) and to our members generally:

As to what I read for writing "Ann Story," if I put down the titles of all the books read to give me the background of the tale, it would be a lifetime's reading. Just about all I have been able to lay my hands on, for the last half-century and more, of histories of the eighteenth century in the American colonies, in England, on the Continent.

And as to the actual, personal story of our Vermont heroine—well, that would go back through more than sixty years of oral tradition, for it was from my great-uncles and great-aunts—some of them so old that they had been alive while Ann Story still lived—that I heard over and over again all the details of her epic. There is also an old book about her [now owned by Dr. Russell, a member and curator. Ed.] which I had read and reread before writing down my version of the tale.

One quality of the state that impresses visitors and brings them back as visitors again and often as pilgrims in search of a permanent home is a quality I would classify somewhat crudely perhaps as "solidity"—a sense of depth and background under Vermont in a day when tides are running full tilt in what seems a crazy-quilt pattern. The quality of depth appears in most of Mrs. Fisher's writing. A graduate student searching for a thesis would find it in the theme I have sketched. The state has stood thus far four-square to all the winds that blow; and Mrs. Fisher gave us the key in the book reviewed in this issue in the quotation from Tennyson used with her title on the title page: ". . . that tower of strength/Which stood four-square to all the winds that blow."

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The delay in publishing this July *Quarterly* was the result of factors we could not possibly control, but I can assure our members and readers that the issues from now on will be in their mail on time.

A.W.P.

A VERMONT HISTORICAL BOOKSHELF

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